WIN THE *KERRANG!* KOMPILATION ALBUM AND VIDEO!

May 2-15 No 93 80p

KERRANG!

JOHN PAUL JONES

MARILLION

JOHN PARR

ALASKA

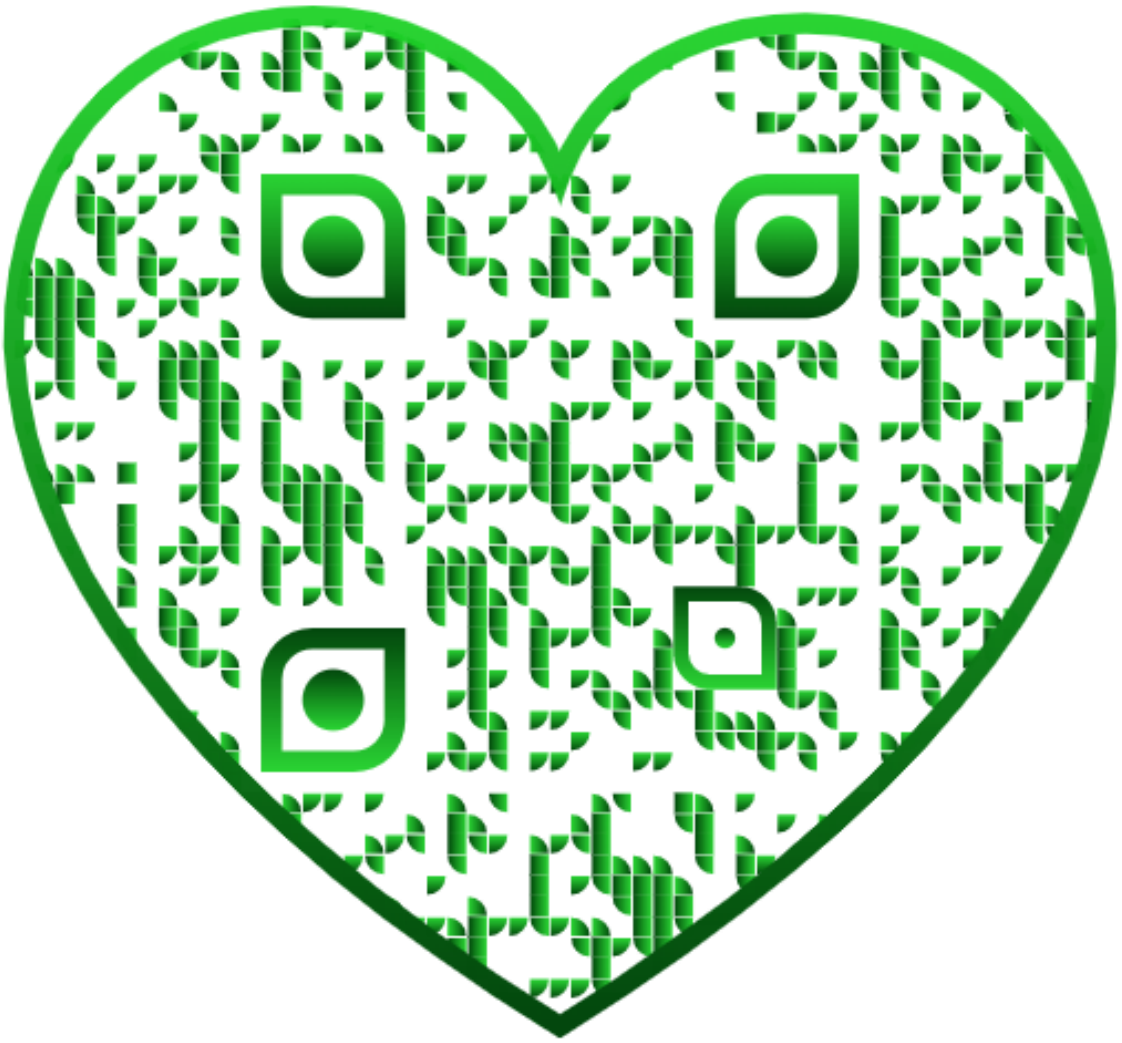
TORMÉ

FIONA

ACE FREHLEY: pic Ebet Roberts

WATCH THIS ACE

2000 MAN
THE YEAR WE MAKE KONTACT



DIRECT FROM *Hansa Studios* in Berlin by the Wall comes the news this week that the mighty **Marillion** (for yes, it is they!) are sprinting for the finish line with the near-completion of the recording of their new album.

Entitled **'Misplaced Childhood'**, the album is a conceptual effort with all tracks linked together to form one continuous piece of music. Release is expected during the second or third week of June. But first there is a brand new single entitled **'Kayleigh'** b/w a track not intended for the album called **'Lady Nina'** (named after a certain, um, infamous club frequented locally in Berlin by the more decadent members of the band and their organisation). The single is issued on May 7 in both seven and 12 inch forms, the latter containing longer and completely different mixes of both tracks. The album was produced by **Chris Kimsey**, of **Stones/Cult/Pistols** fame.

In the meantime the band are working on an all-new stage production to take out on tour throughout the summer. As exclusively revealed to *Mayhem*, the band kick off their world schedule with an eight week tour of Europe beginning in July, arriving in the UK for a full-scale series of dates in September. Further details will be announced in this pages shortly.

To keep your hungry minds happy we will also carry an exclusive interview with Marillion mainman **Fish** (pictured on this page) in Berlin in the very next issue of *Kerrang!*

Pic Robert Ellis

■ FORMER **RAINBOW** vocalist **Joe Lynn Turner** has signed a solo deal with *Elektra*. He's expected to begin work on an album with producer **Roy Thomas Baker** in the near future.

■ **THE SCORPIONS** are hotly tipped to be added to this year's Castle Donington line-up. And **UFO**, who recently signed to *Chrysalis*, are rumoured to be appearing at Knebworth alongside **Deep Purple**.

■ NORTH-EASTERN act **Warfare** headline a festival at the Dynamo Club in Einhoven, Holland on May 11.

The band have just issued a four-track EP on the *Neat* label titled '**Total Death**'. Produced by drummer/lead vocalist **Evo** at *Impulse Studios* in Wallsend, it features the following track listing:

Side One: '**Metal Anarchy**'.
Side Two: '**Rape**', '**Burning Up**' and '**Destroy**'.

■ **LEE AARON** has just issued a three-track EP on the *Roadrunner* label, featuring the following tracks (all of which were co-produced by **Paul Gross/Bob Ezrin** at *Phase One Studios* in Toronto):

Side One: '**Rock Me All Over**'.
Side Two: '**Line Of Fire**' and '**Evil Came**'.

Ms Aaron is currently putting the finishing touches to her third album, due for release in the near future. For full details, see issue 90/*Mayhem* issue 92.

■ **JOHN McCOY** has temporarily replaced guitarist **Paul Samson** with the **Grip**'s **Mark Keen** for his forthcoming tour. He joins **Nikki Brooks** (lead vocals), **Colin Towns** (keyboards) and **Ron Rebel** (drums). Dates so far confirmed are **Stoke-On-Trent Shelly's** May 15, **Bristol Richmond Hotel** 26, **London Marquee Club** 28, **Sunderland Mayfair** 31, **Wishaw Heathery Bar** June 1.

■ NEW JERSEY act **Overkill** have signed a recording deal with *Megaforce Records*. The band begin work on an album with producer **Carl Canedy** at *Pyramid Studios* in New York during June.

■ DRUMMER **Paul Whaley** has left **Blue Cheer**. As yet, no replacement has been announced.

■ THE LATEST acts to be confirmed for *Channel 4*'s 'ECT' programme are **Robin George & Dangerous Music** (May 3) and **Lee Aaron** (June 7).

■ NEW JERSEY act **TT Quick** are presently working on their new album with producer **Michael Wagener**. Titled '**Metal Of Honour**', it will be issued through *Megaforce Records* later this year.

■ WELSH ACT **Traitor's Gate** have signed a recording deal with *Bulleon* and have just issued a three-track 12" single featuring '**Devil Takes The High Road**' on the A-side, with '**Love After Midnight**' and '**Shoot To Kill**' on the flip.

The band's line-up is **Chris Ellis** (lead vocals), **Andy 'MMM' D'Urso** (guitar), **Steve Colley** (bass) and **Paul House** (drums).

■ *COMBAT RECORDS* are currently putting together their first video release. Set to run for 60 minutes, it will feature live footage of **Venom**, **Slayer** and **Exodus** recorded at Studio 54 in New York during late March. In addition, there will also be interview/backstage footage centred round Venom.

As yet untitled, the video should be issued later this year.

■ NORTH-EASTERN trio **Atomkraft** begin work on their debut album, '**Future Warriors**', with producer **Keith Nichol** at *Impulse Studios* in Wallsend on June 3.

The LP should be out through *Neat* later this year.

The threesome's line-up is **Jed Wolfe** (drums), **Tony Dulen** (bass/lead vocals) and **Rob Matthews** (guitar).

METAL APPEAL

■ *IN THE wake of **Band Aid** and **USA For Africa**, a number of top Heavy Metal names have grouped themselves together under the banner of **Hear 'N' Aid** to record a single, the proceeds from which will be donated to the **Ethiopian Famine Appeal Fund**.*

*The project was originally the idea of **Dio** bassist **Jimmy Bain** (above second from right) and guitarist **Vivian Campbell** (above far right). It appears that the Dio organisation are co-ordinating activites. The song, '**Stars**', features music written by Bain/Campbell and lyrics from **Ronnie James Dio**. The basic tracks were recently recorded at* Sound City Studios *in Los Angeles featuring the above trio plus drummers **Vinnie Appice** (Dio) and **Frankie Banali** (**Quiet Riot**); production was handled by RJ Dio.*

*It's expected that two more recording sessions will be held in the Los Angeles area, plus one in London, during which a number of major acts will make contributions to the finished product. Those already committed to the project include various members of **Judas Priest**, **Scorpions**, **Quiet Riot**, **Dokken**, **Night Ranger**, **Queensrÿche**, **Spïnal Tap** and **Ratt**. There's also a strong possibility that, among others, **Gary Moore**, **David Coverdale**, **Glenn Hughes**, **Sammy Hagar** plus members of **Def Leppard**, **ZZ Top** and **Van Halen** will be added to the list of those participating.*

*As yet, no label deal has been agreed for this record, however it's hoped that it will be available during June/July, accompanied by a promotional video produced by the Los Angeles based company **Tasco**. In addition, there's a chance that an album (featuring previously unreleased material from a host of top artists) and a special concert will be arranged before the end of the year.*

U2 AT THE BOWL

■ ***U2** (ABOVE) will headline a festival called 'The Longest Day' at the **Milton Keynes Bowl** on June 22. Tickets are priced at £12 and are available by post from: **MCP Ltd, PO Box 124, Walsall, West Midlands**. There is a 30p booking fee per ticket and only cheques/POs should be sent; a SAE must also be enclosed.*

*Alternatively, tickets can be purchased via the credit card hotline on: **01 748 1414**. And fans who wish to travel to the event by coach should call **0602 414212** for further information.*

*The bill will feature six bands in all – so far only the **Ramones** and **REM** have been confirmed, apart from U2 of course – and the festival will run from 2.30 – 10.30pm.*

■ SWEDISH ACT **Motherlode** have replaced drummer **Bengt Eriksson** with former **Holy Message** member **Martin Johnson**. They've also parted company with keyboardist **Johan Lindström** and are currently seeking a suitable replacement. Interested parties should send a tape/photo/biography to: **Headline Productions, 14b Karlslundsgaten, S-703 41 Orebo, Sweden**. Tel: **01046 19113300**.

■ BIRMINGHAM ACT **Briar** have signed a deal with *Heavy Metal Records*.

■ **JOHN COGHLAN's DIESEL** play the following dates in May: **Guildford Standard** 2, **Fulham King's Head** 3, **Marquee Club** 4.

■ MEMPHIS QUINTET **Fire Choir** have signed a management deal with **Crazed**.

■ A NEW hard-core punk band has been formed under the handle of the **Diseased**. It features contributions from guitarist **Scott Not**, former **Anthrax** bassist **Dan Lilker** plus Anthrax drummer **Charlie Bernante**.

The band intend to begin work on an album, tentatively titled '**Let's Slam**', in the near future with Not producing. It will be issued on the *Slamforce* label later this year.

■ *METRO RADIO* and the **Federation Brewery** have just launched a competition under the banner of '**Ace Lager Track To The Top**', designed to find the best new talent in the North-East.

The competition is open to both professional and amateur musicians living in the Tyne & Wear, Northumberland and Durham areas. Entry forms are available from clubs and pubs throughout the region as well as *Metro's Swalwell Studios*. All entrants must send in a recent photo and a three-track demo tape. **Steve Martin** (Head Of Music at the radio station) and DJs **Alan Robson** and **Steve King** will select the best acts to go forward into heats to be held at the Federation's Lancastrian Suite in Gateshead during late May/early June.

The final will take place on July 4 and the first prize will include musical/PA equipment and 24-track studio time plus cans of *Ace* lager.

■ **VIRGIN STAR** have changed their name to **Ipanima Katz**, replaced drummer **Mark Simon** with **Paul Nichols** and added bassist **Paul 'Sooty' Stutt**.

The band intend to record a single titled '**Coral Bar**' for release within the next couple of months.

■ *JUNGLE VISUAL DISPLAYS* issue '**Dead Or Alive**', a 45 minute video featuring **Johnny Thunders & The Heartbreakers**, on May 13; distribution is through *Lightning*. Primarily shot at the band's Lyceum Ballroom show in London last March, it has a RRP of £19.95 and is available in both VHS/Betamax.

■ **TYSONDOG** WILL have two tracks on the soundtrack for the movie '**Chain**' (which opens in Britain on May 7), starring **Warren Mitchell** and **Leo McKern**. The songs are '**Eat The Rich**' and '**Dead Meat**'. A soundtrack album is likely to be issued through *Film Tracks* later this year.

The soundtrack is also expected to feature an extract from **Venom**'s '**At War With Satan**'.

Incidentally, Tysondog vocalist **Clutch** recently collapsed at a gig and had to have his appendix removed on his birthday! He's recovering now but the band have has to cancel all pending gigs.

■ AMERICAN LABEL *IRD* has signed Minnesota act **Impaler** and **Christian Death**. The former (whose line-up is lead vocalist **Bill Lindsey**, guitarist/vocalist **Commander Court Hawley**, bassist/ vocalist **Mike Torok** and drummer '**Meaty**' **Bob Johnson**) have just put out a four-track EP titled '**Rise Of The Mutants**', whilst the latter have issued a six-song EP called '**Ashes**'.

■ **ROBERT PLANT** has altered the title of his forthcoming album from **'Pink & Black'** to **'Shaken Not Stirred'**. It's issued through *Es Paranza* on May 17. Distribution is *via Warner Brothers*.

■ **RICK SPRINGFIELD** issues his latest studio album through *RCA* on May 13. Titled **'Tao'**, it was co-produced by Springfield and **Bill Drescher**. A single, **'Celebrate Youth'** b/w **'Stranger In The House'**, has just been released.

■ **SHY** ISSUE their debut album for *RCA*, **'Brave The Storm'**, on May 13. Produced by **Tony Platt**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Hold On (To Your Love)'**, **'My Apollo'**, **'Reflections'**, **'Keep The Fires Burning'** and **'The Hunter'**.

Side Two: **'Brave The Storm'**, **'Wild, Wild Woman'**, **'Caught In The Act'** and **'Was I Wrong?'**.

■ **SUPERTRAMP** ISSUE their latest studio album through *A&M* on May 13. Titled **'Brother Where You Bound'**, it was co-produced by the band and **David Kershenbaum** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Cannonball'**, **'Still In Love'**, **'No Inbetween'** and **'Better Days'**.

Side Two: **'Brother Where You Bound'** (featuring **Dave Gilmour** on guitar) and **'Ever Open Door'**.

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* have just issued a 17-track compilation album under the title of **'Metal Zone'**. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Crazy Motor Cycle'** – **Rogue Male**, **'I Am The Beast'** – **Exciter**, **'Nightmare'** – **Mercyful Fate** and **'Pull The Trigger'** – **Q-5**.

Side Two: **'I Love Sex & Rock 'N' Roll'** – **Wendy O. Williams**, **'The War Drags Ever On'** – **Tank**, **'The Skull Beneath The Skin'** – **Megadeth** and **'Run Out Of Town'** – **TKO**.

Side Three: **'The Price You Pay'** – **Waysted**, **'Chopper Attack'** – **Battleaxe**, **'The Dungeons Are Calling'** – **Savatage** and **'Crazy Nights'** – **Loudness**.

Side Four: **'And Then There Were None'** – **Exodus**, **'Radio Magic'** – **Earthshaker**, **'Run With The Pack'** – **Alaska**, **'Let Them Eat Metal'** – **The Rods** and **'Wild In The Streets'** – **Jack Starr**.

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* issue the latest album from Canadian trio **Exciter** on May 3. Titled **'Long Live The Loud'**, it was produced by **Guy Bidmead** at *Brittania Row Studios* in London.

■ *HEAVY METAL AMERICA* have just issued a nine-track compilation under the title of **'Heavy Metal America'**. It features cuts from **Santers**, **Teaze**, **Starz**, **Jim Dandy**, **Reckless**, **Guitar Pete's Axe Attack** and **Money**.

■ *IMS* HAVE just issued the soundtrack to the film **'Codename Wildgeese'** (starring **Lewis Collins** and **Lee Van Cleef**). All the music was composed and performed by **Eloy**. The full track listing is: **'The Patrol'**, **'Hong Kong Theme 1'**, **'Hit And Run'**, **'Queen Of Rock 'N' Roll'**, **'Destiny'**, **'Discovery'**, **'Juke-Box'**, **'Deadlock'**, **'Cha-Shoen'**, **'On The Edge'**, **'Sabotage'**, **'A Long Goodbye'**, **'Face To Face'**, **'Revenge'** and **'Hong Kong Theme 2'**.

■ LONDON ACT **Omega** have just issued their debut album on the *Rock Machine* label. Engineered by **Phil De Costa** and **Warn Livesey**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'The Dark'**, **'Shadows Of The Past'** and **'The Prophet'**.

Side Two: **'Yesterday's Children'**, **'Drive Me Crazy'**, **'Day Tripper'** (written by **Lennon/McCartney**) and **'The Child'**.

The quartet's line-up is **Nick Brent** (guitar/vocals), **Steve Grainger** (lead guitar/vocals/keyboards), **Graham Roberts** (drums) and **Dave Robertson** (bass/vocals).

■ **MICK JAGGER** has just issued a new single on the *CBS* label. Available in seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'Lucky In Love'** on the A-side and **'Running Out Of The Luck'** on the flip. The latter also contains a dub version of 'Lucky In Love'.

■ **JOE WALSH** has just issued a new studio album on the *Warner Brothers* label in the US. Titled **'The Confessor'**, it was produced by **Keith Olsen** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Problems'**, **'I Broke My Leg'**, **'Bubbles'**, **'Slow Dancing'** and **'15 Years'**.

Side Two: **'The Confessor'**, **'Rosewood Bitters'**, **'Good Man Down'** and **'Dear John'**.

■ MUSIC FOR NATIONS *will be issuing a double album titled* ***'Strictly For Connoisseurs'*** *in the near future. This features tracks from 25 cult US bands of the past decade and was compiled by* Kerrang's *own* **Paul Suter**.

Side One: ***'Please Stand By' – 1944, 'It's Not The Music' – Legs Diamond, 'The Truth Comes Out' – Desmond Child & Rouge, 'Can't Keep From Crying' – American Tears, 'Megaforce' – 707*** *and* ***'Black Magic' – Marcus.***

Side Two: ***'Searching For A Dream' – Reckless, 'Just Go Away' – Wrabit, 'Another Time, Another Place' – Moxy, 'Applaud The Winner' – Tantrum, 'Circus' – Zon*** *and* ***'Undercover Man' – Balance.***

Side Three: ***'Caught' – Teri DeSario, 'Trouble' – Rex, 'So Young, So Bad' – Mayday, 'Gimme Your Love' – Trigger, 'Too Wild To Tame' – The Boyzz, 'Gone Wild' – American Ram Jam*** *and* ***'Let The Music Do The Talking' – The Joe Perry Project.***

Side Four: ***'The Tower' – Angel, 'Live Wire' – Starz, 'The King & I' – Reggie Knighton, 'Give Me Your Money Honey' – Trillion, 'Oh War' – Max Webster*** *and* ***'Wings Of White' – Starcastle.***

Incidentally, Starcastle (bassist/vocalist **Gary Strater** *above) have now reformed. For full details, see next issue.*

THE GUNSLINGERS *(above) play Dudley JB's May 3, Oxford Penny Farthing 10, Chippenham Golddiggers 14 (supporting the* **Alarm***), Wokingham Angie's 17, Kensington Ad Lib 18, Hereford Market Tavern 24, Birkenhead Stairways 25, Preston Paradise Club 31, Hastings The Crypt June 4, Brighton Richmond Hotel 6, Camden Dingwalls 7, Derby Rock House 14.*

BON JOVI will be appearing at Manchester Apollo May 20, Birmingham Odeon 21, London Dominion Theatre 23, Newcastle Mayfair 24, Edinburgh Playhouse 25. Support act is **Lee Aaron**.

Tickets are priced at £3, except in London where they are £3.50.

WISHBONE ASH have added a date at Birmingham Odeon on June 5 to their itinerary. Support act will be **IQ**.

TWELFTH NIGHT play Norwich University Of East Anglia May 12, Warwick University 13, Leeds University 14, Bristol Granary 16, Portsmouth Polytechnic 18.

PALLAS will be supporting **Uriah Heep** at Manchester Apollo May 15, Glasgow Apollo 16, Birmingham Odeon 17, Sheffield City Hall 18, London Hammersmith Odeon 19.

Tickets are priced at £4.50/£4, except for London where they are £5/£4.50/£4.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have lined up shows at Sheffield Polytechnic May 3, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 4, Nottingham Basford Hall 5 (with **Witchfynde**), Brighton Richmond Hotel 9, Lee Green Old Tigers Head 16, Dedham Hewitt Memorial Hall 17, Peterborough BMF Rally 19, Guildford Royal 23, Hitchin The George 24, Liverpool The Club 31.

AUNT MAY, who contrary to popular belief have *not* split up, play London Marquee Club May 20, Oxford Penny Farthing June 13. The band have just recruited drummer **Ad Dynamite**.

TARAZARA will be playing Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's May 1, Birkenhead Stairways 2, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 3 (supporting **Gary Glitter**), Warrington Lion Hotel 4, Gt. Yarmouth Ladbrokes International Music Festival 5, Farnham West Sussex College 8, Gwent Cross Quays Institute 11, Sheffield Ledmill 12.

JENNY DARREN will play Greenwich Mitre Tunnel on May 3.

TOUCHED play Stoke-On-Trent Waggon & Horses May 3, Telford Lakeside Tavern 4, Northampton Old Five Bells 5, Sunderland Mayfair 10, Derby Rock House 17, Macclesfield The Beehive 23, Cardiff Bogies 24, Bristol Granary 25.

BHX, from Tamworth, play Measham Youth Club May 4, Tamworth Arts Centre 17, Blackburn Galligreaves 29, Stoke Waggon & Horses June 28.

LARRY MILLER will be appearing at Wokingham Angies Club May 2, Haslemere White Swan 7, Waterlooville The Centre 10, Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 11, Guildford Royal 17, Oxford Penny Farthing 18, Thatcham Silks 20, London Marquee Club June 1.

BLIND ALLEY, from Scotland, play Glasgow The Doune May 4, Glasgow The Venue 17.

ICUBUS, from Exeter, play Exeter St. Georges Hall on May 3.

PREACHER, from Oxford, will be appearing at Shepherd's Bush The Wellington May 2 (supporting the **New Torpedoes**) and Oxford Penny Farthing 9.

FTW, self-proclaimed 'premier rock band' from Runcorn, play Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel on May 29.

ARQUE, a progressive band from London, play Gillingham Southern Belle May 23, Rochester Nags Head 29.

LAHOST will be appearing at Whitley Bay Esplanade Club May 4, South Shields Legion Club 5, Sheffield George IV Hotel 7, Birmingham Railway Club 8, Thatcham Silks 20, Windsor Arts Centre 21, Dunstable Wheatsheaf 22, Oxford Penny Farthing 24, Gloucester Nelson's Club 25.

CHASAR play Glasgow The Venue May 3, Wishaw Heathery Bar 4, Rosyth Metro Club 10, Dumbarton Cutty Sark 12, Peebles Cross Keys Hotel 17.

HAZE will be playing shows at Northampton Race Horse May 5, Nottingham News House 6, Sheffield George IV Hotel 7, Chesterfield White Swan 8, Bradford Wheatsheaf 9, St. Athen Dragon Club 11, Sheffield Ledmill 12, York Bay Horse New Inn 14.

DEALER play Oxford Penny Farthing May 30, Bristol Crown 31, Cardiff Bogies June 1, Llannharren Rugby Football Club 2.

MAMMATH have confirmed dates at Bridlington Cock 'N' Lion May 8, Halifax Ziggys Club 9, Bradford Thornton Labour Club 10, Birkenhead Stairways 11, Colwyn Bay Central Hotel 26, Coventry General Wolfe 31, Bristol Granary June 1, Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel 5, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 6, Chichester Rock Club 8, Thatcham Silks 10, Sheffield University 13, Walthamstow Royal Standard 14, Cardiff Bogies 15, West Bromwich Coach & Horses 16.

PROWLER will be appearing at Loughborough Goyararu Institute May 4, Spalding Hole In The Wall 9.

MULTI-STORY will be supporting **Magnum** on their forthcoming UK tour. For full details, see *Tour Newz* issue 92. The band will also be playing their own dates at Port Talbot Sandpipers May 2, Cladicott Castle Festival 6, Bristol Granary 9.

ROGUE MALE

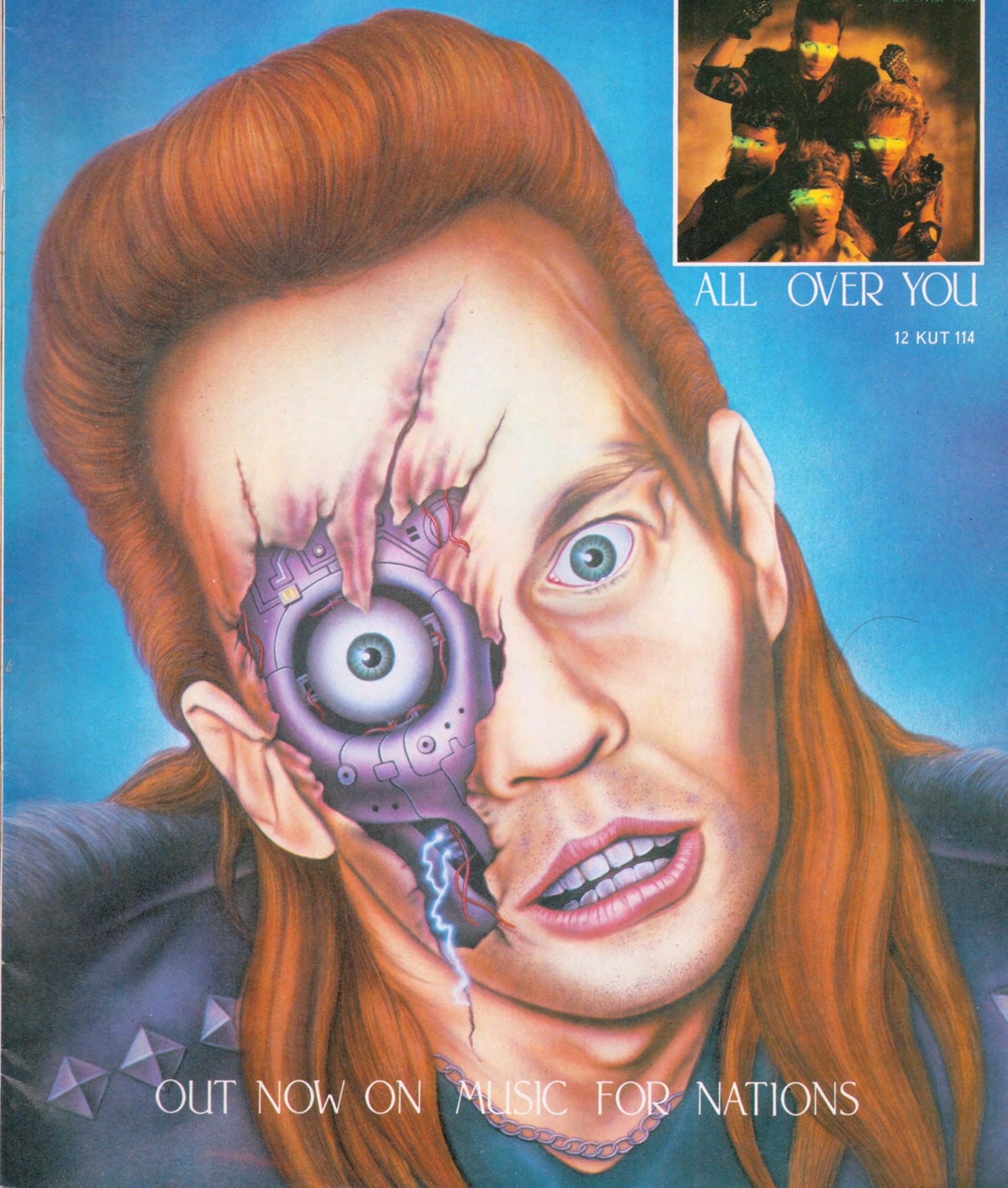
NEW ALBUM – FIRST VISIT

MFN 40

NEW 12 INCH

ALL OVER YOU

12 KUT 114



OUT NOW ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS

RON KEEL

MEET THE man who dared to share a bottle of *Jack Daniels* with Doc Doom in San Diego! Yeah, dog catchers, this is Ron Keel, lead vocalist with, well, *Keel* and the dynamite dude who polished off an entire Bourbon container during the course of our recent appearance on *'Metal Shop'*, radio station KGB-FM's weekly hour-long HM programme, hosted by the venerable Pat Martin.

Aside from this piece of heavy indulgence, I also had the privilege of seeing Keel play live in SD recently, supporting Raven. A full report appears in *Koncerts* later on in this very issue. In the meantime, mention should be made that the band's second album, 'The Right To Rock', has just been issued in the UK on the *Vertigo* label and there are hopes that Ronnie and the fellas will hot foot it over to Blighty later this year.

And when you come over, Ron me ol' son, the drinks are on you-hoo! MALCOLM DOME

Pic Chris Walter

7" + 12"

ROBERT PALMER

JOHN TAYLOR

TONY THOMPSON

ANDY TAYLOR

THE POWER STATION...GET IT ON

FROM THE ALBUM AND XDR CASSETTE 'THE POWER STATION' PRODUCED BY BERNARD EDWARDS

PARLOPHONE

KKKKK . . . Mick Wall

K: Kompost!
KK: Klueless!
KKK: Kompetent!
KKKK: Korrosive!
KKKKK: Kolossal!

Pic Peter Cronin

Whole Lotta Moses!

EXODUS
'Bonded By Blood'
(Music For Nations MFN 44)
KKKKK

EXODUS, according to my dictionary, is the second book of the Old Testament, but Exodus the band means something totally different. What we have here is the first book of how to play Speed-Frash-Metal, or as Igor would say, "TOTAL DEATH".

When Metallica left San Francisco to conquer the world, the local Bay Area Bangers turned to Exodus, and the longer Metallica have stayed away the more popular Exodus have become. In fact, they've now been crowned as the gods of Speed Metal. Slayer may well claim to be the heaviest band in America right now, but for sheer energy and speed first prize has gotta go these boyzz . . .

Right from the off you can tell this is gonna be a noisy record with the sound of a WWII dive bomber screaming towards the earth; no 'Aces High' here, mate, we're talkin' twice the intensity, twice the volume and twice the speed as the scorching riffs to 'Bonded By Blood' come blasting forth, with Paul Baloff's vocals conjuring up images of a Heavy Metal version of that first gentleman of punk, Master Johnny Rotten. Baloff hates the world and loves violence, you can hear this in his unique vocal delivery.

Mark Whitaker, who co-produced the last Metallica album, has done a grand job throughout, capturing this angry, aggressive music perfectly on vinyl. I warn you, this noise is for lovers of Frash only; if you're into Journey stay well away!

Guitarists Gary Holt and Rick Hunlot just scorch on every kut, one of my personal faves being the stupendous 'And Then There Were None', which gets very lively in the scherzo and features a main riff you'll hum and hum for years to come. My sole complaint is that I do hear the odd Metallica rip-off now and again, especially on 'Deliver Us To Evil'; the musical arrangement is just a bit too close for comfort, though this is hardly surprising when you take into account the fact that Metalligger's resident axepert, Kirk Hammett, was once a fully paid-up member of Exodus. Indeed, you can still spot a few of Kirk's riffs on this record, but I'm not going to tell you where they are. You're just gonna have to buy the album and do your own investigating!

Oh, and don't let the dreadful album cover put you off. Exodus now need to tour Europe and get a deal with *Elektra* (in-joke).

XAVIER RUSSELL

TRAUMA
'Scratch And Scream'
(Shrapnel SH 1017 Import)
KKK

ABOUT TRAUMA I know very little except that Metallica bassman Cliff Burton was once a fully fledged member . . . and *that* connection should give you a reasonable indication of what we're talking about here. 'Scratch And Scream' is like the ugly bits of wildest Ted Nugent crushed tightly together with the electric frenzy of the New York Dolls and laced liberally with the hectic fundamentality of Slayer. It's just so intense, so bad (as in *poor*), so full of demons, wizards and dragons. Impressed? Funnily enough, I *was* . . .

This album succeeds in capturing your attention, succeeds in spitting at you straight between the eyes. The opening cut 'The Day All Hell Broke Loose' is peppered with ugly fuzz-thrashed virtuosity, while *Side Two's* closer 'The Flight Of The Raven' slam-bangs across the speakers in the style first formulated 15 years ago by Blue Cheer – boisterous rhythm munching over elemental guitar scrapings – and finally defined by the frontier fringe ethics of Metallica. This album is real; it's a weasel gift-wrapped and ready to claw its way through your mind the moment you rip open the plastic seal. More bash than Thrash, more Sabbath than Ozzy and more frantic than a runaway Inter City 125, Trauma succeed on a level so basic that even a 'Janet & John' inclusion would appear ridiculous.

The cutting edge comes courtesy of guitarists Michael Overton and Ross Alexander (who provide *the* fastest lead licks I've ever heard!), kicking up a dense all-electric *mêlée* to complement the Death Metal strife of bassist Lucas Advincula and demented drummer Kris Gustofson (a duo not too dissimilar to the Butler/Ward school of infirm variation). But the main force behind Trauma is undoubtedly vocalist Don Hillier whose strangely melodic, at times graceful vocals cut through the belching cacophony like a finely cut diamond. If this man moved on, he could be fronting a hit-making AOR money machine like Toto . . . I'd like to take him seriously.

I'm not going to list the best or the worst tracks here – it simply isn't *that* kind of an album. All I will do is say that it's an irresistible slice of total mayhem which works because it doesn't *pretend* . . . pretend like Slayer, Mercyful Fate, Killer, Exciter, *ad nauseam*.

Pedal to the Metal with barely a pit stop in sight . . . a chronicle of confusion. Buy it! DEREK OLIVER

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 10

THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

GARY MOORE

PHIL LYNOTT

NEW SINGLE

OUT IN THE FIELDS + MILITARY MAN

10

7" : TEN 49 12" : TEN 4912

LIMITED EDITION 7" INCLUDES 2 EXTRA TRACKS:
"STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU" AND "STOP MESSIN' AROUND"

LIMITED EDITION 12" INCLUDES
"STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU"
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FROM PAGE 8

BON JOVI
'7800° Fahrenheit'
(Vertigo 7800 VERL 24)
KKK

THERE WAS gen-u-ine excitement when Jon Bon Jovi came a-struttin' and a-poutin' into our lives last year! Here was this young buck, killin' the ladies at a mean 20 paces, an unknown who'd rubbed shoulders with the stars in New York's famous *Power Station* studio, and a man who turned in a f**kin' blinder of an AOR album at his first crotch-driven shot! A bit of a young soul rebel was taking limp-wristed action by the scruff of the neck and injecting it with pure red rocker's blood! The best of both worlds, squire – *and* Jon Bon Jovi idolised the Babys! Needless to say, I was made up!!

Now, however, is the time to stand up and be counted, make it plain to us that he's no pretty boy push-over! Jon Bon Jovi has to prove to us that he's not only a talented new boy, but top dog of the *genre*! Does he come through with pistols still potent? Will his thighs grind with any conviction into the moist dreams of Metal *femmes fatales* once more? Is his new album ANY BLOODY GOOD?!

Ah, now there's the rub, cos with hand on heart I can only say that this is a pale imitation of the Bon Jovi we have got to know and learnt to love. Sure, there's a slight shift in approach, emphasis perhaps slanting towards bold (or clumsy, take your pick!), meatier chording, and it's not *necessarily* a bad thing. But play '7800° Fahrenheit' end on to the 'Bon Jovi' debut and you'll see there's little journalistic jargon required to justify the verdict!

Jon Bon Jovi promised a good deal more balls on court in this second set, and he's served 'em up nicely enough, but the majority of hard-hitting bravado leads to boring rallies and *bona fide* aces are few and far between!

So where are they? Well, opening song 'In And Out Of Love' is a juicy enough primary stab – those '*Listerine*'-gargling backing choirs urging young Jon to dip into that good ol' forbidden fruit – bucking frantically beneath Richie Sambora's incisive bludgeon riffola! This one hits the mark he's aiming for, but elsewhere it's the more traditional Bon Jovi incisions that curdle the cream.

Such as 'Silent Night', the obligatory but not perfunctory ballad, where keyboards man David Rushbaum pulls at the heart strings in admirable style. Now Jon ain't no John Waite when it comes to getting his teeth 'round a tearjerker, but this is a good vocal on a *great* song. Then there's 'To The Fire', the only true MONSTER here! Building on Rushbaum's claustrophobic keys and potent Sambora axe antix, this is a beautifully controlled piece of rock power, and while a Nile Rodgers production would've made it a thousand times better, pushing Tico Torres' drums to ecstatic heights, it's still a fine, fine tune!

But honestly kids, that's about your lot! The likes of 'Always Run To You', 'Price Of Love' and 'Only Lonely' are simply mediocre fare (and I *hate* mediocrity!) while 'King Of The Mountain' is just sub-Dio/Rainbow rubbish!

I'd have loved to have turned in a blistering critique on this one, cos Jon Bon Jovi's shown he's got the right stuff. But before all you irate ladies start defending your hearthrob, play the two Bon Jovi albums back to back as I said earlier. You can't deny what I'm saying, can you?!

HOWARD JOHNSON

BON JOVI: not quite up to the promise of their debut LP

DAVID JOHANSEN
'Sweet Revenge'
(10 Records DIX-8)
KKKK

DAVID JOHANSEN is a vastly underrated talent. By virtue of the fact that in the crossed-eyes of the world Johansen remains an ex-Doll historically chained to the infant beginnings of the last decade, his present position in terms of 'importance' in the UK is confused to say the least.

Never a *bona fide* Heavy Metal star in any sense of the word, Johansen nevertheless inhabits a mini-universe all of his own making that continues to fascinate hardened connoisseurs of illegitimate strut-an'-stroll stinkers like the indomitable Lou Reed and the rapacious Iggy Pop.

'Sweet Revenge' is Johansen's first solo album of note since 1978's 'Funky But Chic' set placed him firmly, if again all too briefly, back in the public gaze.

The single, 'Have You Heard The News', opens *Side One* with Johansen yodelling in hysterical Puerto Rican Spanish another of his conversational rants across an ultra-degradable backroom barrage of arrogant guitar and sickly sweet synth-pop ramalama.

'Big Trouble' bubbles out of the speakers like an ugly duckling egg, Johansen curling his pretty lips into a toothless growl, drums all daggers, guitars regular as gas-pumps, the melody pure brandy. . . 'King Of Babylon' is a fat-rap attack of schlock-rock proportions. . . King Of Comedy lyrics (*'Come on everybody, get off your knees/Don't be kissing my ring/I ain't hard to please!'*) and pickled banana-thick rhythms from the abstract blues guitar of David Nelson and the hard-body work-out of Denny McDermott's drumming.

'Sweet Revenge' is a queer go at Meat Loaf-sized production athleticism over a suitably profligate treatment from Johansen on a sticky-fingered ballad about, oh, life and how funny it can be watching the years play tricks with your mind, and stuff like that. Bruce Springsteen never sounded this funny. . . silly old arse-lick.

Side Two, meanwhile, raises the dead from the ground from start to finish even if it does leave the place in a bit of a mess. . .

From the melodrama of 'Too Many Midnights' to the filmic theme tune of the closing track 'NY Doll' (the soundtrack to *'Fierce City'*, a dubious New York movie about a go-go girl-killing pyscho from 42nd Street), with amusing side-stops along the way like 'In My Own Time' and 'The Stinking Rich', *Side Two* contains the most 'immediate' and 'consistent' chunk of material.

Johansen couldn't sing a song straight-faced if his miserable hide depended on it, he's far too suave and street-legal, but along he way he sure makes his music work and flex with his inescapable wit, his dog-eared refusal to give in and 'do a Billy Idol'.

MICK WALL

MICHAEL BOLTON
'Everybody's Crazy'
(Columbia BFC 39328 Import)
KKKKK

CALL IT a different kind of crazy if you like, but my love for beautiful melodies and smooth technicality has never faltered. To some it might be regarded as a cop out or a sign of parental failure, but for me the sound of a finely tuned *Stratocaster* and an infectious hookline laid over the silky smooth light 'n' breezy pace of a well tempered snare drum couldn't be more attractive. Music to play whilst driving with a foot on the dashboard, one arm out of the window and a beautiful blonde tucked elegantly in the passenger's seat. Music suited to the Summer, American freeways and Mexican takeaways. . .

Blasting its way from the bottom of the barrel and the over-abundance of smooth pulpy paced AOR seeping in ever-increasing quantities from North American import emporiums, is Michael Bolton's latest and greatest work to date.

'Everybody's Crazy' represents perhaps the strongest, most coherent vinyl achievement of its kind since, well, since Boston's debut, Journey's 'Departure', the Touch LP, Balance's 'In For The Count'. . . I think you know the score: infinitely memorable chorus lines, deep pounding drums, punchy basswork and superlative restrained axehem grinding out riffs on 6 rather than 10.

Bolton (real name Bolotin, trivia freaks) ain't no spring chicken either. This man first stepped into the rock'n'roll circus around the mid-Seventies with a couple of albums on *RCA* before joining much ignored but incredibly talented AOR flagwavers Blackjack. They sank, but Bolton fought back to release a masterful debut; an album fired with such melodic persuasiveness that Howard Johnson nearly wet his striped strides whilst reviewing it! Beefy yet light enough to appeal to daytime radio listeners, that LP took top dog honours as the most underrated and ludicrously overlooked album in some time.

'Everybody's Crazy', a full two years in the making, is worth every second of the wait. Overfilled with elegance and a total cavalcade of amazing talent, Bolton has delivered to a high grade standard, cunningly leaving room for possible future manoeuvres. The two most essential peaks of this record, then, are Bolton's voice and the outstanding guitar playing of Bruce Kulick (one-time fellow Blackjack man and now, of course, in Kiss).

Elsewhere the other musical contributions are of an equally stimulating calibre. And what a gathering of talent we have (an AOR fan's wet dream!): Denis Feldman on bass (Speedway Boulevard), Mark Mangold (Touch) and Jan Mullaney (Carillo) on keyboards, sax from Mark Rivera (Tycoon and now Foreigner), synth wizard Larry Fast (FM) and background vocals from Peppy Castro (Good Rats, Balance).

Needless to say, the results of this matchmaking are superb. 'Save Our Love' blasts the LP into gear with a rocket drive of pure power supporting Bolton's unmistakable rasp. 'Everybody's Crazy' projects a majestic hookline which is so infectious that it's an almost certain contender for serious Stateside chart action. Kulick's guitar work, restrained yet allowed to rant'n'rave with melodic precision, cuts through with the flick-knife intent of Joe Perry and the accuracy of brother Bob. 'Can't Turn It Off' sports similar intentions and great drum work (programmed, I believe), whilst 'Call My Name' is an evocative ballad with a neat sax break.

Side Two is perhaps stronger, kicking some serious butt in the melodic memorability stakes. 'Everytime' works perfectly, with full major chords and dense use of synths, as does the semi-ballad 'Desperate Heart', boasting a production of truly mammoth proportions. But it's the final trio of tunes that really hit home, making this side totally infectious. 'Start Breaking My Heart' and 'You Don't Want Me' feature heavy duty guitar riffs balanced on the edge of feedback and pinned to the floor by the swift melody of Bolton's exceptionally strong vox and stirring keyboards. 'Don't Tell Me It's Over', meanwhile, provides a rousing, well-structured finale bathed in raucous melody and piledriving guitaring.

Now that Bolton's back on the hunt there really isn't any room for lower standards. This is *the* album of '85 and must surely be the vehicle for placing Bolton in the charts and on to everybody's (crazy) lips. Buy.

DEREK OLIVER

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 12

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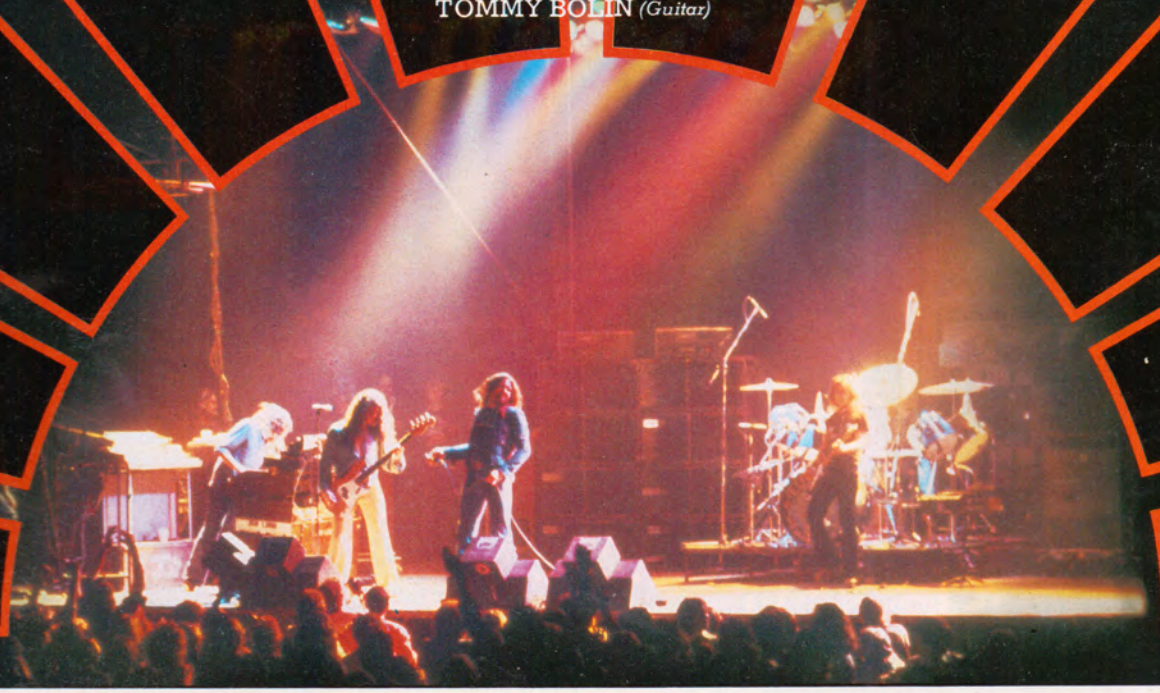

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FROM PAGE 10

TOBRUK
'Wild On The Run'
(EMI EJ 24 0277 1)
K¾

LIKE THE snot-infested influx of puke-worthy punk bands that flooded the music scene after the Pistols shot to fame and the similar hordes of ham-fisted Heavy Metal donuts who jumped on the denim 'n' leather bandwagon several years later, Leppard's somewhat puzzling Stateside success has spawned a multitude of 'melodic rock' bands who are currently mooching around with palms impudently outstretched for dollars. And Torbruk, judging by this irksome item, are just another one of them, meticulously trying to balance the characteristic traits of British and American rock in their attempt at transatlantic acceptance.

The best thing I can say about 'Wild On The Run' is that it bored me s**tless.

Personnel-wise, it's all very unspectacular as well. Singer Snake (modest lad) has a voice with a nasty rasping effect which makes him sound like a second-rate Klaus Meine, and he seems incapable of any effective tonal variety. Guitarists Nigel Evans and Mick Newman, meanwhile, both have difficulty conjuring up anything which excites or inspires (love the Schenker solo rip-off during 'Falling' though), and the keyboards are completely over-used, something which ultimately spoils their efficiency.

However, although the boys are well-short on individual style and charisma, it's the band's *overall* lack of identity that turns me off most of all. There's nothing in their music (or looks, judging by the cover) which is unique or stands out. They could be any one of a hundred fresh-faced, clean-leathered young rock bands rapping on the *Kerrang!* door at the moment.

Don't waste your time, kids. There are many good up 'n' coming rock bands worth spending money on at the moment and Tobruk certainly aren't one of 'em.

MARK PUTTERFORD

UNDERGROUND ZERO
'Never Reach The Stars'
(Flicknife SHARP 023)
K

JUST BECAUSE I happen to like Hawkwind it doesn't necessarily follow that I'm gonna fall for rip-offs! Underground Zero are so like Brock's troops that I had to glance several times at the label to make sure that someone hadn't slipped a copy of old rejected 'Wind demos into the sleeve by accident.

This six-track affair is very poor. Spaced-out music allied to robotic chants and acid-tab lyrics; I bet the Michael Moorcock brigade are tripping out in their spiders' webs to this airy fairy atmosphere. Me? I've already filed this in its proper place – and I hope the dustcart can stand the strain.

MALCOLM DOME

EVIL
'Evil's Message'
(Rave-On RMLP 010 Import)
KKK½

HAVE YOU noticed how the standard of hardcore Metal bands has suddenly rocketed? Evil are a Danish quartet who sound as if they're inspired at turns by Maiden, Fate, Priest and Metallica, which is no bad thing. The drumming of Freddie Wolf is particularly impressive, generating enough punch and push to rock the tomb down to the ground. And how can you resist any album which features a song titled 'Take Good Care Of Your Balls', presumably dedicated to vasectomy clinics everywhere?! MALCOLM DOME

ELLIOT EASTON
'Change, No Change'
(Elektra 960 393-1)
KK

OH CRUMBS, Elliot old bean, what have you done?! I'm a fan of your sharp-toothed, sabre-soft guitar jaunts in the Cars, but hey, c'mon laddie, this is really taking things for granted.

I mean, the very idea of an EE solo album filled me with willing jitters. A definite contender for 'Album Of The Year', methought. But you've gone and gracelessly missed the row boat. A series of ten pop/rock tunes with scarcely a thought for the man in the street, 'CNC' plops rather than zips. This may be your idea of fun, El, but it ain't mine. I'd carry on, but zzzzzzz . . .

MALCOLM DOME

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 14

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FROM PAGE 12

STREETS
'Crimes In Mind'
(Atlantic 7 812461)
KKKKK

Along with last year's incredible Billy Satellite LP and the recent Michael Bolton opus, Streets' latest, and superbly greatest, is definitely one of the best *ever* releases of its type.

Featuring ex-Kansas vocalist Steve Walsh, uncannily similar to Lou Gramm on some tracks (the ballad 'Broken Glass', for example), the whole caboodle is at all times exceptional and occasionally beyond an AOR fan's wildest (acid) dreams. On tracks like 'The Nightmare Begins' and 'I Can't Wait', Walsh leads the band through a thoroughly convincing scenario of adrenalin-filled (mellow) mayhem indelibly stamped with tight hooks, rippling guitar flurries and big-bam-booming blocks of wild pomphem!

No stone is left unturned in Walsh's quest for perfection. Swamped in a production of untold and unmatched passion by Beau Hill (the man responsible for Britain's finest-ever AOR release, 'Shaft Of Light' by Airrace), you really have the best there is to offer by a band of this kind.

CHAMPION
'Champion'
(Solid Gold Records SGR 1026)
KKKK½

Anyone remember A Foot In Cold Water? No, probably not, but those who do will almost certainly be ringing their hands with joy at the news of vocalist Alex Machin's reappearance. Machin was, of course, the main man with Canada's very private 'AFICW'; a man whose voice spun a web of curiosity and unparalleled ecstasy in a band of such relatively unkown stature.

The Cold Water project was essentially a (very) Heavy Metal affair, using Machin in a restraining capacity to carry the rather sedate and at times poppy melodies over the roaring guitar deluge. This time around, however, Machin has been left to his own devices with the band acting in a supportive role, encouraging and drawing out every ounce of his ramblin', gamblin', crisp 'n' clear emotions to full effect.

Best song is undoubtedly 'I'd Lie To You For Your Love', full and bright, crammed to the rim with intelligence, restraint and total composure. Material of this class is rare, but this album is tailor-made for those who demand nothing less than absolute professionalism reproduced to a level of frightening proportions.

SUGARCREEK
'Rock The Night Away'
(Ripete Records 2155)
KKKK

Sugarcreek and supersweet! Mannequinned Metal from North Carolina, virtually unknown outside of their own state and totally ignorant of *Kerrang's* existence, so I'm reliably informed! However, despite that rather unfortunate idiosyncrasy, I'm prepared to lavish this syrupy slab of limp-wristed mayhem with nothing less than positive praise.

Apparently, 'RTNA' is Sugarcreek's third release so far and, from what's on offer here, I'm keen (make that eager) to obtain earlier product pronto. Drawing their sound from the mainstream of American rock 'n' roll *circa* the mid-'70s, I think you'll appreciate the finer points of a description that fuses Styx aggression ('Grand Illusion' ilk) with Kansas technicality ('Leftoverture' directness) and Journeyesque balladry ('Departure' raw).

Sugarcreek are a sextet specialisting in tight, uncomplicated songs containing believable hooklines and utterly beautiful melodies. 'Love So Strong' and 'What A Night' take the top dog honours, but there isn't a weak track amongst the 12 on offer.

LRB
'Playing To Win'
(Capitol SJ-12365)
KKKK

The Little River Band, perhaps? Same members, that's for sure! Amazingly, the mellow mundanity of their previous output has been wayliad in favour of a more direct, go-for-the-throat direction bordering on the edge of Metal mayhem. Similarities, then, are easy to cite, with the raunchy rocking parts of Toto, Le Roux, Journey and Eddie Money leaping to the fore. The transition is almost too perfect. . .!

Every song is treated to an incredibly sympathetic production courtesy of Spencer Proffer (in my view, second only to Beau Hill), highlighting the hooklines to max effect, with the drums sounding simply out of this world.

Highlights are numerous but special attention must be paid to the fantastically complex 'When Cathedrals Were White', a song of almost Zeppelin-sized propensity, and the funky high-heeled strut of 'Relentless', which boasts an astounding and unexpected high-powered Metal guitar solo. To be fair, there are a couple of weak points (one is the pop crud of 'Piece Of The Dream'), but that's probably due to managerial and/or record company insistence, as the band are obviously hell bent to burn leather most of the time.

Whatever, it's a damn fine album and a welcome change from LRB's tiresome past.

DONNIE IRIS
'No Muss, No Fuss'
(HME Records BFW 39949)
KKKK

Now me and Mr Iris go back a long, long way! I've been following this man's (chequered) career for what seems like an eternity, hoping, praying even, that one day he'd get the recognition that his songs deserve. But so far it hasn't happened. Is there no justice left in this wacky world?

Fact is that Mr Iris is perhaps the greatest pop/rock songwriter on this whole damn planet, better even than Michael Stanley, Ian Thomas, Russ Ballard and (cue swoons) Jonah Koslen! This man writes songs like Mick Wall tells tales; simple, funny and unbelievably imaginative. And his band (the Cruisers) are equally gifted, interpreting Iris' moods with pinpoint accuracy and immeasurable consistency.

'No Muss, No Fuss' is his fifth solo LP and for my money his best yet. Those who've heard his Stateside hit 'Ah Lear' (1980) will be pleased to note that he's now moved back into the mainstream arena of big, big production and tough, no-nonsense raunchy guitar-powered rock after a spell flirting with modern technology as witnessed most prominently on last year's *MCA* LP 'Fortune 410'. This time around, however, it's short, sharp jabs straight to the heart, and hopefully straight to the charts – although I very much doubt that it'll happen for him now after such a long time in the dark.

If you believe in melodic, highly sensible music as much as I do, then this album is almost as necessary as breathing. Definitely the King of Rock!

ALLAN HOLDSWORTH
'Metal Fatigue'
(Enigma Records 72002-1)
KKKK

Despite the awful title, like a scrap metal dealer's nightmare, guitarist Allan Holdsworth's latest LP is an incredible showcase for his infinite ability to astound and amaze with his wide range of playing techniques. He is the man, of course, who mega Metal guitarists such as Edward Van Halen, Gary Moore and Neal Schon cite as perhaps their biggest influence, but as yet he hasn't managed to score mass recognition amongst the paying populace. Which isn't that surprising as his work is so far off the beaten track that any sign of commercial success would be about as likely as jazzman Jelly Roll Morton getting a Number One chart album!

Full of squeaks, parps and weird farts, Holdsworth's technique astounds with a mixture of strangeness and unmatched speed that would probably induce instant orgasm in a guitar technician. To the casual observer, though, I'm afraid it's all a little too oblique and painstakingly freakish! Built on jazz rock foundations of the kind Return To Forever and Jeff Beck (*circa* 'Wired') used to specialise in, 'Metal Fatigue' scores on complexity but loses on marketability – mind you, I don't suppose for one minute that Holdsworth would actually wish this LP to chart. If that was the intention, then he'd certainly have opted to record a blast-out, face-punching Metal opus.

Peculiar, technically brilliant and a neat pointer to the original source of current day Metallic axework.

SAINT
'Saint'
(Sound Image SI 25884)
KKK½

The lowest 'K' rating amongst the lot, simply because of the rather tepid *el cheapo* production, but don't let that deter you from investigation. Boasting a stirring selection of rousing teen dream shout-it-out-loud anthems and some killer ballads, Saint's debut is an excellent taster for things to come. This is the kind of band like, say, Queensrÿche or Q-5, who ought to be picked up fairly rapidly by a major label and given the full big-time production workout. . . then the results would be frankly astounding.

Kicking off with one of the best tracks I've heard recently, 'Desperate Times', loaded with blockbusting guitar riffs and urgent, panicky vox work from Mark Stimac, the album runs riot with a selection of melodic mayhem to match some of the world's biggest names; Foreigner, Night Ranger and Survivor are those that spring immediately to mind. There's only one real mistake and that's the track 'Silent Love Affair' which floats along on a nauseating and repetitive concoction of synthesised drum work and programmed mellotron. Whoever decided to include this particular cut should be shot, it's *that* bad!

Nevertheless, if Saint can negotiate their way on to a major label, I'm sure we'll be in store for an album of mammoth proportions.

Reviews by
DEREK OLIVER

ALLAN HOLDSWORTH: 'a neat pointer to the original source of current day Metallic axework'

SHORT SHARP SHOCK

reviewed by PAUL SUTER

RUNESTAFF: 'Road To Ruin' (FM)
LOPING RHYTHMS and a touch of danger couched in a casual warmth that could even beguile the radio programmers, although perhaps mixing down the guitars a smidgeon might have helped a little there. Nevertheless a great song, well worthy of a place on anyone's deck and a fair taste of the band's impressive debut album.

JOHN VERITY: 'Honesty And Emotion' (PRT)
HMMM, MR Verity's sounding pretty impressive these days. Taken from his forthcoming album, the soaring AOR of the A-side is sorely hampered by some gruesomely half-hearted keyboards, but then no British band seems to have quite captured AOR on record yet, so Verity's definitely up there in contention on the basis of all the other things that he has done right. The bare-chested bravado of the B-side 'No Pretending' (also from the album) makes it a good package – but chart potential? Not in the UK or America either unfortunately, judging by the way the airways are turning bland over there.

TOYAH: 'Don't Fall In Love' (Portrait)
OKAY, I ADMIT it, I've always had plenty of time for Toyah and her grandiose musical dramas, but this is not the time to start shouting about it. 'Don't Fall In Love' sees her falling between rather too many stools instead of planting her bum squarely on just one of them. Believe it or not one of the stools bears the AOR label, but *that's* marred by everything else going on, and may not be seen as particularly welcome by old Toyah fans as opposed to potential new ones. . . nobody wins?

BB KING: 'Into The Night' (MCA)
THEME FROM the movie of the same name, this, believe it or not, sounds like Don Henley save for the vocals. A wonderful, lazy song with inevitably tasty guitar work, but King's voice sounds jarringly rough in this context – but then again the old guy deserves a hit, and this could be it.

EURYTHMICS: 'Would I Lie To You' (RCA)
SHOCK – A brassy, ballsy soul strut full of edgy anger, with David Stewart and Annie Lennox both more aggressive than they've been for ages and sounding all the better for it. The approach is super-sophisticated cheapness and the perfect way of setting off the raw energy of the song. . . God alone knows what the video's going to look like. . .

THE REJECTS: 'Back To The Start' (FM)
POSSIBLY THE most dreary rock ballad ever recorded. The sax work is pretty neat in the latter part of the record, but I feel that I merit some sort of reward for reaching that far.

MULTI-STORY: 'Carrie' (FM)
HMMM, TASTY stuff indeed. Multi-Story sound like a very classy outfit indeed, lots of well-placed atmospheric keyboards and equal amounts of exuberant guitar attack, wearing a broad smile all the while. Very *up*, very good. The B-side is rather like Shy without the shrieking harmonies and somehow ends up feeling not unlike Starcastle with balls. Strange. . .

DAVE LEE ROTH: 'Just A Gigolo/I Ain't Got Nobody' (Warner Bros)
CRAP FROM anybody else, but from Diamond Dave. . . a musical whoopee cushion. Artistically worthless but a barrel of laughs if you're prepared to step back a few paces from it all.

JOHN FOGERTY: 'Rock And Roll Girls' (Warner Bros)
LOOK, I'M sorry, but I can't stand John Fogerty. If you can, this is sprightly and fun, otherwise it's toe-tapping disposability. Take your pick.

ANIMOTION: 'Obsession' (Mercury)
DANCEFLOOR – BUT stomping, *dangerous* dancefloor, and I love it. Written by Holly Knight and Michael Des Barres, so of course it's good.

FIONA: 'Talk To Me' (Atlantic)
AS DOME and Halfin stand back to back and prepare to march ten paces, turn and fire in the name of the one they love, Suter stands resolutely back. Fiona Flanagan is a great new talent who's made a damn good album; this is not the best track on it, and even Fiona shouldn't try and emulate Amanda Blue, so covering this Shanghai number is not the smartest move she's ever made. But if you've never heard of Amanda Blue you *will* be impressed. . .

RAVEN: 'Pray For The Sun' (Atlantic)
WOULD-BE dramatic Metal sorely hampered by grim vocals and ultimately no more than a tastefully arranged dirge. *Side Two* of the 12 incher incorporates the mid tempo 'On And On' (no comment) and the uptempo instrumental 'The Bottom Line' and whilst neither are actively horrible there's nothing very special about them either. Probably better than you'd ever expect Raven to be, but that's all.

BLACK ROSE: 'Nightmare EP' (Neat)
POWERFUL, MELODIC on *Neat*? Yessiree Bob, and the label's best production so far. Black Rose sounded pretty good on their debut EP last year (or was it the year before?) and now they're sounding remarkably strong, stretching out and flexing their muscles in big league style. Last of the four tracks 'Breakway' isn't too distinguished, but Black Rose nevertheless have the air of serious contenders about them.

PALLAS: 'The Knightmoves' (Harvest)
WOW – POWERFUL stuff from the former prog-rockers. This three track 12 incher packs a bargain 24 minute punch coupling 'Strangers' with 'Sanctuary' and 'Nightmare', all magnificently produced by Mick Glossop; the results are hard driving rock, coloured tastefully by Pallas' former leanings towards fol-de-rol and flares when they ease off the gas pedal from time to time. The lead track 'Strangers' – and the others, for that matter – is not a hit by any stretch of the imagination but it's damn good all the same, with guitarist Niall Mathewson and vocalist Alan Reed both shining bright, and featuring a surprisingly Americanised hook.

MAINEEAXE: 'Gimme Your Love' (Powerstation)
Twisted Sister, Quiet Riot and D.P. Gumby fall into a food blender and this is the result – raucous sharp edged party Metal, but with a little more stridency exhibited on the two tracks to be found on the flip of the 12 incher. It's all very well done and possibly frantic magnificence live but on vinyl the problem is that this could be by anybody. Best of luck to 'em though.

SHY: 'Hold On (To Your Love)' (RCA)
STORMY, EXUBERANT AOR, but are Shy trying just a little too hard? This is classy stuff indeed, and the band have surely got what it takes, but at times the results are jarringly cacaphonous when a tiny touch of restraint might have shown off their talents in a more favourable light. A live recording of 'Two Hearts' supplements the 12 incher – it's no big deal but undoubtedly one for the collectors.

ANTHRAX: 'Armed And Dangerous' (Megaforce)
AND I said Shy were cacaphonous! Squeal, yelp, roar, blather, blather. 'God Save The Queen' (what do the Yanks know about *that*?) and other noisy but deftly delivered monstrosities, and the vocalist is indeed pretty good – garbage or ecstasy, depending upon your inclinations.

CONEY HATCH: 'This Ain't Love' (Vertigo)
THE BEST of the bunch – the blockbusting Coney Hatch – bluster and bravado packed into a tight, cohesive package for maximum effect. With 'She's Gone' still up their sleeves the best is yet to come singles-wise, but this is still a magnificent piece of melodic Metal to burst blood vessels to; the 12 incher also features 'He's A Champion' from the album and the otherwise unavailable 'Fuel For The Fire' on which Hatch ease back a little on the gas pedal and come up with an American hit. A 100% magnificent package.

MARILLION: 'Kayleigh' (EMI)
MARILLION WON'T ever sell out, but they *will* ever grow more wiley in doing just what they want to do to maximum effect. 'Kayleigh' lies one further step down the road from 'Garden Party'; very English and very Marillion but desperately attractive and potentially commercial too.

One mix appears on the seven inch, that plus another on the 12 inch, and both singles feature 'Lady Nina' which isn't on the forthcoming album at all. Oh, and the version of 'Kayleigh' that appears on the album differs from *both* singles versions . . . phew! Got through all that OK, and I understand that the beach-towel and the inflatable rubber nurse will feature different mixes again. Are you ready, collectors?

MARILLION: 'desperately attractive and potentially commercial . . .'

PARR FOR THE COURSE

MICK WALL unveils the mystery behind enigmatic Yorkshireman and one-time Meat Loaf partner JOHN PARR (pictured right)

ONCE IN a blue moon there comes an album that defies all popular opinion and appeals *right across the board.*

Metal addicts score off it, MOR mellow-fellows stretch out and relax their ageing limbs with it, and those of us who don't fall easily into either category nonetheless over-load our thrill-power circuits to it, getting off on the heavy body contact of organic rock and roll.

One such album is the self-titled debut album by John Parr!

If I tell you that John Parr plays a moody and mean guitar and possesses a voice as sweet as honey made from 100% pure bee-sting, and that he is joined on the album by such creative sources as Simon Phillips and Richard Cottle, you'll begin to build up the picture.

In America Parr has already notched up his first giant solo hit single with 'Naughty Naughty', and presently he's aiming to repeat that feat with the follow-up 'Magical' (co-written with Meat Loaf), backed by an imminent Special Guest spot on Toto's US tour. I predict that within the next 12 months the name John Parr will roll off the tongue as easily and simply as. . . Meat Loaf, Sting, you name it, and this man from Yorkshire has it within his capabilities to equal and rival them all.

Remember where you heard the name first; I'm going to enjoy gloating over this one. . .

BEFORE I MEET John Parr, at the plush residence of his record company *Atlantic Records* in London, what I know about his career you could print on the back of a postage stamp. Worked with Meat Loaf, hails from the fringes of Sherwood Forest (honest!), is based these days in New York, and has a quite brilliant debut album up for sale. I'm wrong on one count:

"Oh no, I live permanently in Yorkshire. These last 18 months the States has very much been my home, and we have mainly worked out of New York, but I would never take up permanent residence there."

So where was your wonderful album recorded?

"We did the first six weeks at *Criteria Studio* in Miami. And then, due to various things that were wrong with it, we brought the album back to England, where we spent a further six weeks finishing it."

Before this album the name John Parr drew nothing but a fat blank in my mind. The past is a mystery to me, can you fill me in on the important details?

"Oh, I dunno, it's probably as big a mystery to me. It *has* all started with this record. But I've been beavering away all my life. I gave up the road in 1980; I'd been playing around the North of England all my life in various different bands and things – in fact I'm probably as well known in the North of England as I am in America now. But it didn't mean anything because we couldn't get a record deal. The nearest I came was just before the punk thing exploded. And so I thought, I've had enough of this, you know.

"The trouble was I would never compromise myself. I always felt that music was not something to be geared towards radio-playlists. In Britain we now have a nation of groups all trying to get played on Radio One, and that's not at all healthy for music. In the end I put everything I had into one group. I sold my house, cashed in my [illegible] sold the car and got together with a few other guys and went at it on the same level as a band like, say, Wild Horses did at that time. We had the PA, the lights, the whole show really organised.

"In Britain we now have a nation of groups all trying to get played on Radio One, and that's not at all healthy for music"

"We were all up to our necks in debt but we managed to survive for about 18 months with it, playing in Yorkshire. The only thing we really succeeded in doing was putting up the price for bands playing in the Northern clubs. It all came to a head then. I don't know really quite where I would have gone from there if it hadn't been for a chance meeting with John Wolf. John had been the managing director of 'The Who' group of companies, he'd been with the Who since day one, almost like the fifth member of that band, did all the holograms, the stage-shows, everything. He knew the writing was on the wall for the Who and was looking around for something else to get involved with.

"John said that, first off, I should get my song-writing side of things properly together. I went into the Who's studios and started working full time on my songs, as well as in my own studio, an eight-track I'd put together in Derbyshire, learning my trade."

IT WAS at this point that John Parr started selling his songs to other acts. The first band to record one of his original numbers were the Tygers of Pan Tang, who covered 'Danger In Paradise'.

"Oh, they made a complete dog's arse of that one," he laughs. "They got in Peter Collins to produce it, and he's not really an HM producer. They cut verses out, they changed little bits and they unbalanced the whole song. That was my first break and my first big disappointment."

Eventually, *MCA* picked Parr up for a publishing deal. As he says, he carried on 'beavering away' through the trials and tribulations, before one day the phone rang and the voice on the other end of the line said that Meat Loaf was interested in recording some John Parr original material!

"Meat Loaf had heard some of my stuff in New York and said he felt that I had some of the feeling of Jim Steinman in the way I wrote. (Steinman being the creative hand behind the entire 'Bat Out Of Hell' catalogue). I was told that Meat Loaf wanted me to fly out to Connecticut and write some songs for his next album. I didn't even know at that point that he'd split up his partnership with Steinman, so it was a very big deal for me really. Before I went, though, I'd thought I'll go fore-armed. So I went into the studio and wrote 'Don't Leave Your Mark On Me' and 'Heartbreaker', both of which I later used on my own album, and one other song called 'Falling'. So I went out there with these three songs, which Meat loved. The one he really wanted to do, though, was 'Falling'. Now, Meat Loaf is managed by Diana Ross' ex-husband, and she got to hear it too and really wanted it for herself. So they started arguing over who was gonna record it. You can imagine how weird this was for me! Eventually Meat Loaf recorded it, and planned to have Diana Ross come down and duet on it. That didn't happen, so they flew Ellen Foley in to give her version of Diana singing it, which didn't work, so finally they never used the track, which is a great shame really, considering all the fuss there was over that song. They spent a fortune but the girl's vocal let it down."

The partnership John Parr struck up with Meat Loaf was a prodigious one, to say the least. He was immediately employed as Meat Loaf's executive producer and songwriter. Meat Loaf asked him if he wanted to sing or play on any of the songs, introduced him to a great many people as his right hand man and generally went to work on building up the Parr reputation, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Originally Meat Loaf wanted John to co-produce and write all the songs on his 'Bad Attitude' album. But by then John had his own recording deal worked out. Contractual difficulties ordained that John Parr and Meat Loaf would be recording albums at roughly the same point, and that's where the 'partnership' broke down.

Meat Loaf did everything he could to stop John going anywhere while 'Bad Attitude' was being recorded. He still had John's songs, but he badly needed the psychological crutch of a 'partner'. To cut a long and painful story short, what started life as a Meat Loaf album with eight John Parr originals eventually became the 'Bad Attitude' album with just two Parr originals. Of course, Meat Loaf went on to enjoy great success with that album, while John is just now beginning to have a crack at equalling (if not eventually surpassing) that same level of success. However, John Parr's name appears nowhere on the sleeve to 'Bad Attitude', not even a 'thank you' scrawled in honour of the work he had put into the resurrection of Meat Loaf's sagging career. But Parr is not bitter about it.

"We've since spoken, and Meat Loaf asked me to write some stuff for his next album, which I will do because I still think of him very fondly; but he doesn't know how greatly I admired him in the beginning."

Either way, John Parr has both feet forward with his own career burgeoning in America. There are plans afoot for him to come over and play some dates in Britain during the Summer, and if he does, we shall all be in for a treat. Right now, there's not a great deal you can say about this enigmatic character; his music says it all, to quote a cliché. His career is going to speak volumes in terms of songwriting, production and performing, though.

I'd lay money on it.

Pic Ray Palmer

JOKERS WILD

MALCOLM DOME, tongue firmly in cheek, charts the hysterical history of the Heavy Metal parody

MY OLD English master, when he wasn't picking his nose, had a peculiar notion of humour.

"Any book, play or film that portrays violence or death isn't amusing," he once stated, leaving me totally bemused. As far as I'm concerned, the ability to laugh at *any* given situation is what great comedy is all about.

Heavy Metal is nothing if not *fun*. Many's the time when the *Kerrang!* team has curled up with hysteria upon hearing an album, before proclaiming it to be '*so bad that it's positively brilliant!* Maybe we're slightly warped, but I get the feeling that most HM fans can appreciate the *appalling* equally as much as *musical genius*, so long as it has that vital ingredient of . . . HUMOUR.

Canadian act **Piledriver** are a perfect example. Their wonderful debut album, 'Metal Inquisition' (reviewed issue 91), caused absolute pandemonium when it hit the *Big K!* stereo circuitry. Songtitles such as 'Sex With Satan', 'Human Sacrifice', 'Alien Rape' and 'Sodomize The Dead' brought rare smiles to all and sundry. After all, this is what life is all about (or very nearly). . . the element of mirth.

"No, we're not a send-up band, but a very serious outfit," explained lead vocalist **The Piledriver** down the 'blower' from Toronto. "We just wanna emphasise the element of fun. There are bands like Venom and Slayer who take all this Satanic stuff too seriously. We wrote 'Sex With Satan' as the ultimate devil worshipping statement, aiming to tell people like the aforementioned that if they're really on the level then why not go down to Hell and f**k ole Nick?!"

Formed about a year ago, this quintet were originally rejected by "at least 1500 record companies before *Cobra* took a chance on us". Eventually, the boys (whose line-up then comprised guitarists **Bud Slaker**/**'Knuckles' Akimbo**, drummer **'Former' Lee** and bassist **Sal Gibson** – 'Knuckles' has subsequently been replaced by **Bruizer Brunete**, who is like "the putrid sulphur of Hell unleashed on guitar") spent seven days in Belgium laying down their masterpiece.

"It's selling quite well in Canada and we hope to have a UK deal tied up soon," added the big 'P'.

There are plans in hand to start work on a second album in the near future, which will include a major epic called 'Killing Time'. In the meantime, the boys idle away nightlife hours onstage at various Canuck residential hovels.

"We want to attract anyone who can enjoy our style of fun music, but our crowd seems to be primarily hardcore Thrash Metal fans. What are we like live? Hmm, very sexually orientated!"

Piledriver represent the middle path on the Metal Mirth-ometer. They set out to be amusing, whilst performing with a high degree of musicianship. Others, such as **Spinal Tap** and **'The Bad News Tour'** mob were designed purely as one-off projects to send-up various aspects of the *genre*, following in the stack heeled strut of **Fee Waybill**'s alter ego **Quay Lude**. Of course, there are also the 'serious acts' who by dint of their over-studious and earnest attention to the darker side of hi-speed chromium automatically become a joke, although whether you laugh *with* them or *at* them remains open to debate. **Venom** and the excellent **Slayer** come easily to mind.

And then there's **Iron Lüng**. A quintet who reside in a two-up, two-down shoe box on the outskirts of Hell (near Cambridge Circus), the line-up has remained constant and unstabled for the past 17 years, *viz* **Sherman Crank** (lead vocals), **Visigoth** (drums), **Bazza** (bass) and **Speed** (guitar). A total of 51 albums have been issued by the motley crew on the *Anti-Christ* label (I've heard they crucify you on royality cheques!), many of which have been certified as 'puce' in Helsinki.

The boys were recently featured in a *Channel 4* documentary, filmed during the recording of their most recent album, 'Lost Canticle Of Beelzebub', and put out under the monicker of **'Hell Bent'**.

"*We* invented the term 'Black Metal," claimed Crank. "Venom have just got it on indefinite loan! But we don't like them cos they're a con. We're serious!"

The band are planning to undertake a tour, which will feature just three coffins ("Bazza won't have one cos he's boring. That's why he's not in any of our photos," proclaims Crank) accompanied by an audio-visual slide show of what the various members used to be like when they were alive – yep, they're all dead! (Or qualified accountants).

"We'll also be hovering above Knebworth Park on June 22 in a black cloud," exclaimed the proficiently morose Crank.

So, do you get upset when people laugh at you, Crank old mate?

"Er, yeah."

Finally, a word or three on two hot acts well worth a chuckle or two. Firstly, there's Stoke-On-Trent quartet **Mad Hatter**, comprising **Spunky Sex Machine** (bass), **Leroy Loverboy** (drums), **Sick** (guitar) and **Rock Hard Johnny** (lead vocals).

"We set out to create an OTT image that was really fun," explained Rock Hard. "Thus we have elements from punk, rock 'n' roll, heavy rock and glam – not to mention Johnny Mathis – in our costumes and show. But we are a *very serious*, commercial rock band and hope everyone will realise that, musically, we mean business. The band has recently done some recording with former Demon guitarist Les Hunt at the production helm and we want respect for our songs and musicianship."

As for the **Rampant Egös**, well this is a London-debased all-guitar trio featuring **Dynamic Dome M**, **Judge Wwaall** and **Krush-Deaf**. What, no drummer?

"Drumming went out when 'Bonzo' kicked the bucket," maintained Krush-Deaf.

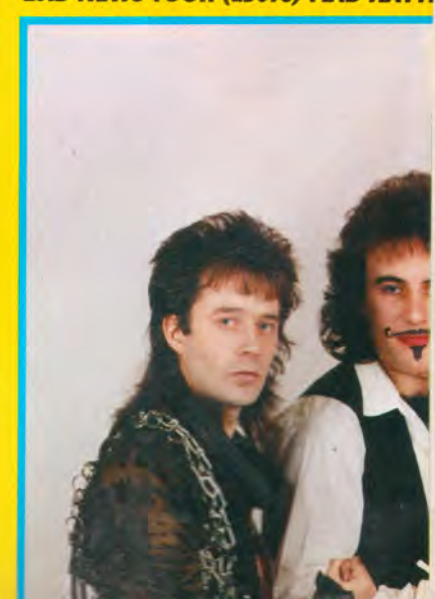
"We'll only sign with *Metal Blade*, *Mausoleum* or *Roadrunner*," sneered Dynamic.

So, that's it. All that remains is for me to cap the nitrous oxide and put away the itching powder . . . until next time!

PILEDRIVER

FEE WAYBILL (below)

BAD NEWS TOUR (above) MAD HATT

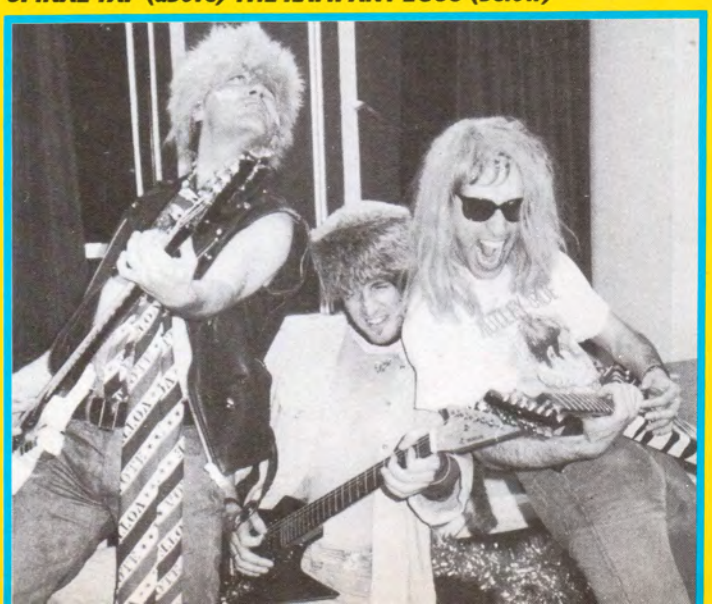


IRON LÜNG

VENOM

ER (below)

SPÏNAL TAP (above) THE RAMPANT EGÖS (below)



JOHN PAUL JONES with daughter Jacinda, who wrote lyrics for three tracks on the 'Scream For Help' soundtrack album

Pic George Bodnar

JOHN PAUL JONES (far left) onstage with Led Zeppelin

Pic LFI

SCREAM DREAMS

DAVE DICKSON focusses in on the chequered cinematic career of JOHN PAUL JONES (pictured above), ex-ZEPPELIN star turned film soundtrack composer

SOMEHOW, IT seems that film scores and Led Zeppelin were just never meant to be compatible bed-fellows.

To the best of my knowledge this is the fourth time that a member of Led Zeppelin has become embroiled in the tacky world of film (and here I discount all the projects John Paul Jones was involved in prior to his becoming enrolled as a Zeppelin, when he was still a session musician; ditto Mr Page's activities either as a session player or as a member of the Yardbirds – film buffs will recall his immortal haircut alongside the petulant Jeff Beck in a reconstruction of the famous *Rikki-Tikki's* '60s club in Antonioni's ultra-hip '67 celluloid slice *'Blow Up'*) and this time round it looks as if John Paul Jones has taken the Golden Turkey award. Not that the music he prepared for director Michael Winner's latest thriller, *'Scream For Help'*, is bad – far from it – just that of all the movies he could have scored this one looks all set to suck a big one all the way down to Obscurity Street. In a word, kids, it's BOMBED.

Sometime around 1973 director and author Kenneth Anger approached Jimmy Page to score his occult movie *'Lucifer Rising'*. Three years later, claimed Anger, Page had produced only 28 minutes worth of music and the project was eventually taken away from him and placed in the hands of Bobby Beausoleil, one time right-hand man of Charlie Manson, who was then languishing in jail after his death-sentence for the murder of Gary Hinman had been commuted. The failure by Page to deliver to Anger's satisfaction led to much bitterness between them and, so it is claimed, a magical war.

Next up came the comparatively peaceful *'Song Remains The Same'*, which purported to be a Led Zeppelin concert captured on film with an accompanying soundtrack . . .

The movie was panned as being *the* grossest display of '70s rock star extravagance but still panders to the faithful and was just recently issued on video.

After John Bonham's death and the Zeppelin split the first to re-emerge with some recorded output was Jimmy Page, once again turning his hand to a film-score and this time with rather better results, at least as far as meeting his deadlines was concerned. The movie was *'Death Wish II'*, again directed by Michael Winner and again, quite rightly, dismissed as a load of old doggerel. While the first movie – at least the uncut version – had Charles Bronson going about the streets of New York slaughtering muggers as the stoney-faced vigilante to some purpose, the sequel simply became gratuitous. Even the soundtrack seemed rather aimless.

AND NOW it's John Paul Jones' turn to come in out of the cold with a soundtrack album. It's just unfortunate that it had to be based around yet another 'hack' movie from the terminally awful Michael Winner. I've not yet had time to see the film although, at the time of writing, that option may well have been removed since the movie has been ditched from its West End run at the Leicester Square Theatre after only a few short weeks. This is what *Time Out* said about it: *'A hybrid so mind-boggling that viewers may rush back to . . .* 'Death Wish' *to reassess a hitherto unrevealed comic talent . . . The surprise comedy hit of the year so far, played to po-faced prefection by its cast of TV soap-graduates and underscored by ex-Led John Paul Jones with a soundtrack so inappropriate as to be positively* existential.' You may assume, along with the great viewing public, they thought it was crap. And it probably is.

Sadly, if the film dies a death – which seems increasingly likely – then the soundtrack album is liable to go the same way because of the resultant *lack* of publicity. There's much more at stake here than just another movie biting the dust.

As to whether the music contained within this album is 'inappropriate' or not that's impossible to tell without seeing it in its context, which is why it's actually very difficult to assess the validity of these projects. However, taken on its own merits alone, John Paul Jones' soundtrack provides an interesting insight into the man's musical proccupations with snippets of jazz interspersed with larger slices of disco music (yes, you did read that right!) and some powerful rock along with some more gentle ballads; in other words, it's a mixed bag that doesn't hang particularly well together as an album as such but as a loose collection of songs it is extremely well conceived and quite brilliantly executed.

Its execution arrives courtesy of the veritable galaxy of stars that Mr Jones assembled to record the album. Most of the music was composed and performed by Mr Jones himself, with all production and arranging credits going his way too, but when it came to the vocals and the guitar parts some outside help was sought. But before we get on to that aspect of *'Scream for Help'* in detail, why Michael Winner?

"He was the only one who offered me a film, quite honestly, and he'd worked with Jimmy (Page) before.

"The main thing in films is if you ever say to anybody you want to write film music the first thing they say is, 'Great', and the next thing they say is, 'What have you done before?' It's the chicken-and-the-egg thing. Nobody wants to be the first one to trust you with their last two weeks before the deadline (when film scores are customarily composed), they prefer to go to somebody they know. The music may not be absolutely right or it may not be the best but if they go to a professional then they know they'll get a proper job and it'll arrive in time. And that's basically what it's all down to!"

BUT MICHAEL Winner is keen to engage rock musicians on his film scores and John Paul Jones was duly handed the task of coming up with the required lengths of music in a remarkably short space of time.

The man has not been idle since the demise of Zeppelin in late 1980 but his musical activities have been rather more confined to the classical field and away from rock altogether.

He has also been heavily involved in constructing his own studio inside a building that once housed a Sunday School – something that may have given rise to the rumours that he had abandoned composition and performance in favour of a quiet life in the Devonshire countryside teaching music in schools!

'Scream For Help', indeed, is his first solo project since the release of his one and only single back in 1964, 'A Foggy Day In Vietnam', and thereby hangs a tale: "To tell you the truth I wasn't actually *on* 'A Foggy Day In Vietnam'!"

Even though the single came out in his name!

"Well, that was the B-side. I think it might have been the Stones on the B-side, I must look into that. It was a very old Andrew Oldham song (the Stones' original mentor-cum-Svengali) and we were stuck for B-sides and pushed for time and money so he said, 'Well, put this on! Put some piano on it!' And I can't remember putting piano on it myself.

"The A-side was a thing called 'Baja' which was an instrumental done on a six-string bass guitar – I was going to be the new Jet Harris (a prime mover in the British '60s rock scene) in those days! That side definitely *is* me, done in *Regent Sound* where all the early Stones stuff was recorded. It was an old Jack Nitzsche track . . . but I think the B-side could have been the Stones . . . or it could have been somebody else . . ."

John Paul Jones grins broadly. During that period he was the Stones' musical director, along with a whole host of other '60s stars too

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numerous to mention. Similarly, he played on a thousand film soundtracks, being one of the top session men in the country at the time and consequently much in uncredited demand.

John Paul Jones may not be playing quite as regularly these days but at least the *credits* situation has been sorted. And underneath his name comes the roll-call of honour mentioned earlier. Time to put some names to the tracks.

"I did most of the album myself – simply because you can't fit any more people in the studio – but for *proper* drumming I got a session drummer who's with the National Youth Jazz Orchestra, Graham Ward. He's on 'Crackback' and 'When You Fall In Love', which is my 'vocal debut'."

Mr Jones dismisses his vocal performance with a laugh and, while not being his greatest attribute, he doesn't embarrass himself either. But back to the drummer.

"It was funny because he's only young and he didn't actually recognise us – there was Jimmy and I in the studio – and it slowly dawned on him that this was more than an average session during the recording!"

Some understatement! As to that guitarist fellow:

"No, getting Jimmy wasn't too bad. I had an idea for the first track, 'Spaghetti Junction', in the middle of the night and I did a quick demo of it the next morning with just synthesiser and drum machine. And then I was listening to it – and I suppose it must have been influenced by Booker T, I had that *sound* (a very '60s style) rather than anything else – and I suddenly thought, what this needs is a guitar, it really *needs* a guitar! And then I thought, well, there's only one guitarist! So I rang him up."

And having enticed Mr Page down to his studio he concluded, "We might as well do another one while we're here, and so we concocted 'Crackback' (which features some awesome guitar!) in the studio."

And of the other guitarists: "John Renbourne (formerly with Pentangle and another one of *the* session greats) lives down my road, literally half a mile away, which is amazing because it's not the sort of road that many people live down! He's on 'When You Fall In Love' – again, I just *heard* the guitar part there. And Colin Green is just a session player." He plays guitar on 'Christie', the name of the beleaguered heroine of the movie, and 'Here I Am'.

JOHN PAUL JONES strikes an elegant pose in long-haired Led Zeppelin days

AS INTERESTING as the choice of guitarists is that of vocalists, again featuring a couple of well known names.

"Well, Jon (Anderson) was mainly brought in for 'Christie'. Having been given the name I came up with the first line and then went through all sorts of lyric writers – because I can't write lyrics, I may have a go at singing, but *lyrics!* You should see my lyrics . . . well, no, you shouldn't see my lyrics! But they all sounded wrong and then I asked my middle daughter, Jacinda, if she could come up with something. She produced two verses in about as many minutes. And then Phil Carson (at the time an *Atlantic Records* executive and long time friend of Led Zeppelin's) suggested getting Jon Anderson, and it was that type of wistful song and his voice fits very well indeed."

But Anderson makes a second, and altogether more surprising contribution on the up-tempo rocker, 'Silver Train', which has a very Zeppelin-feel, much along the lines of 'Physical Graffiti's 'Sick Again'.

"Yes, I think Jon quite enjoyed doing it, he wrote the lyrics for it."

Then John Paul Jones pauses and picks up the Zeppelin theme: "Oh yes, that was that white Stratocaster. I swopped a banjo for this white Stratocaster that Jimmy has that in fact he used on 'Ten Years Gone' (also off 'Physical Graffiti'), and it's probably on 'Sick Again' as well, come to think of it, which is probably why it sounds the same – same guitar!

"I put lots of echo on the guitar and we had a great time putting the track down!"

And Madeline Bell, who sings on 'Take It Or Leave It' and 'Here I Am'? "Madeline is actually our children's godmother, but we've known her for years and she seemed the obvious choice to sing some of those tracks, she's got a super, super voice."

And as to the *other* singer, somebody called JP Jones? "Some layabout we found on the street! No, I can't imagine what made me do it, panic I suppose, ha! Having two songs that needed a singer and no-one to sing them! I've done backing vocals before but it doesn't sound as bad as I thought it would, although I must admit there are several remixes on it. The first mix I did you couldn't hear the voices at all . . . it took a lot for me to get the voices out, but it's not *that* bad. Again, it was interesting doing it."

ANOTHER POINT worth noting about this album is that it consists of 'source' music as opposed to 'incidental' music.

Explain, Mr Jones: "There are two types of music in films; one is *incidental* – sometimes called 'background music' – which is music that actually underpins the action or the drama that's on the screen; the other, which can also underpin the drama, is called *source*, which is music either from a record playing on screen in a room, or a radio on, or a car radio on or even a band of musicians playing – and the music that emanates from that is source music.

"Some movie music, like 'American Graffiti', is all source music where they just played records that everybody knew. I did the incidental as well (for *'Scream For Help'*) but I've never really agreed with putting incidental music on a record because it's always missing the film so it doesn't really stand up that well on its own. It was written, designed, to go with a picture and as soon as you take the picture away you remove the *raison d'être* for the music."

It's unfortunate that if the movie stiffs the *raison diêtre* for the album may also be removed and that could be the last we see of it. This would amount to a minor tragedy because the music deserves a better deal that the movie itself is liable to afford it. Definitely a case of buy the soundtrack, avoid the movie.

Whatever else this has proved it has at least brought John Paul Jones out of hiding and into the spotlight, however briefly, however peripherally, once again and that, surely, can only be a good thing.

We can only hope that it doesn't take John Paul Jones another five years to come to the surface again; I, for one, look forward to hearing something a little sooner.

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NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

THE URBAN SPACEMAN

ACE FREHLEY, the kid from the Bronx who made it to the stars as Kiss' original lead guitarist, has now returned (minus platform boots!) to front FREHLEY'S COMET, a new band of his own.

Interview by DANTE BONUTTO

TO SAY that Ace Frehley has a laugh is rather like saying that Barry Manilow has a nose; it's true but it doesn't quite convey the full significance of the fact. Indeed, it is said that Kiss' original lead trout player (he introduced himself as such on the Tom Snyder TV chat show after the aforementioned host had called Gene Simmons a bass player – pronounced like the sea fish!) was once presented with a bottle of champagne by a neighbouring table at a swanky London nightspot purely on the strength of his chortle. Yeah, it's vintage stuff – the chortle that is – and, like its owner, vaguely illogical . . .

At the start of our conversation, for example, he inquires after the weather on my side of the Atlantic, no doubt believing that a subject close to every Englishman's heart (he's right, of course), but before I can give him the bad news, the usual hurricane warning, he's off, howling away and cracking himself up. Remember how The Penguin used to laugh whenever Batman & Robin seemed finally fated to meet their end in a vat of carnivorous custard? Yeah? Well, mix that with a terminally tickled Basil Brush, flick the volume switch and you'll have some idea what I'm talking about.

Really, the man sounds an absolute riot, very different to the somewhat subdued figure I met briefly at London's Hilton Hotel during Kiss' late '82 promo tour of Europe in support of the 'Creatures Of The Night' LP,

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I'M A CARD
I OUGHT TO BE DEALT WITH
CALLING
Roland G-707
Pic Ebet Roberts

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freshly released. That I remember as something of a strange interview. The album was well up to scratch; a return to basic 'Metal 'n' roll' after the conceptual intricacies of '(Music from) the Elder'. A bold, brash, brooding platter with a drum sound not matched for my money until the release of the new Power Station LP, but just who had taken charge of the guitar breaks? And who had filled the same role on the four fresh tracks heralding sides one and two of the previous 'Killers' kompilation, eh?

CLEARLY NOT Ace; just not his style, squire. He'd lined up with the band at a press conference in Los Angeles where the new 'tank' stage-set was ceremonially unveiled and he'd participated in the marvellous 'I Love It Loud' video (though, significantly, it's Paul Stanley who tumbles forward to throw the lead shapes), but handle the solos? No way. Nossir. So who *is* on the album? Well, the band weren't saying, just smiling cantankerously, and nor was Ace for that matter. "It's one of those mysteries of life," he drawled cryptically, blaming his absence from the scene on a serious car crash that had laid him up for a couple of months under doctor's orders.

He was out of sight but *not* out of mind with longstanding rumours of his split from the band climbing inevitably to a peak – some even claiming he was dead! – and it wasn't until Kiss' 10th Anniversary tour, a return to the road after three years, that the mist finally began to clear. Simply, when the band walked onstage for the first of 100 dates, a projected five month trek across the American Heartland, 'Mr Excitement' (an old Frehley nickname) was nowhere to be seen and a mystery axeman Vinnie 'Wiz' Vincent was perched there in his stead.

The rest, for regular *Kerrang!* readers anyway, is well documented history. Aka Vincent Cusano, *this* was the unidentified soloist on the 'Creatures . . .' LP (Bob Kulick, it seems, helped out his old pals on 'Killers'), a former member of Warrior – not the *10 Records* bunch – who'd also co-written three of the '. . . Night' numbers. The gentlemanly Vinnie completed the US tour with the band, going on to play some Brazilian dates in front of 300,000 (in total) crazed Kiss fanatics, helped with the writing/recording of the next album ('Lick It Up'), travelled through Europe with them *sans* make-up, quit the camp over financial matters then rejoined again in time for the next American trek, before leaving for good to do his own album. He was replaced first by Mark St John (who features on the current 'Animalize' LP) and most recently Bruce Kulick.

That you probably know. What you might be interested to learn, however (cos I have been for ages) is exactly what went on between the end of the European promo trip and the start of the US tour proper. What prompted Ace's sudden departure? Was it, in fact, that sudden? And was he ever *really* there? There was only one sure way to find out . . . and that's much, *much* easier to say than it has been to do.

TAKE IT from an ex-blithe spirit, the quest for Ace Frehley's particular grail has been long, hard and strewn with peril. Blocked 'n' thwarted at every turn by hapless management minions (nothing to do with present associate George Sewitt, I hasten to add), I struggled on regardless, month after month, phone call after phone call, receiving absolutely no joy whatsoever . . .

"Call back in three weeks, will you?" came the monotone message from the New York office supposedly representing the Frehley cause, "Ace should have something to say by then."

Three weeks later, the same story, and three weeks after that . . . well, when it came to "call back in a month" I gave up and tried another tack, asking Gene Simmons to intercede on my behalf. After all, he clearly had all areas access to the Frehley ear having persuaded the latter to spend an hour supplying a solo for the Wendy O Williams album he was producing. If anyone could pull it off . . .

Well, it was a noble try. Gene agreed that an Ace Frehley interview in *Kerrang!* would be just the job, but felt it wasn't really his place to go above the management's head. The decision *had* to be theirs. OK. Try again.

"Oh yeah, hello, could you call back in three weeks please . . ."

And a nice day to you too!

The turning point in this saga occured when Ace (wisely) found himself a new spokesperson, a typically verbose New Yorker who revealed, just like that, with no prompting or threat of torture on my behalf, that Ace had put together a new five-piece outfit called (da-da-da-da!) Frehley's Comet! And what was the music like? "Space Metal", of course, complete with "BIG bass and drums!"

What can I say? This was manna from heaven, soothing raindrops on a throat parched and raw. That night I walked home on air. I'd cracked it. Next stop the ACE FREHLEY INTERVIEW!!

WELL, NO actually. Regular contact was maintained and for a while everything looked hunky dory. There was talk of producer Chris Kimsey getting involved and a deal in the pipeline, but when a Kiss/Mötley Crüe expedition finally brought me to New York the Ace area once again proved distressingly no go.

"Sorry, he's locked away in the studio at the moment and can't be disturbed . . . maybe next time you come over."

Maybe.

After that, all went quiet for a while until a friend from Los Angeles, an A&R man at one of the major record companies, turned up in London on a business/pleasure trip.

"I can leave you this until tomorrow," he said, draping himself across a seat in the *Kerrang!* office and rummaging around inside a large hold-all, "but I *must* have it back!"

Oh yeah? What is it? I replied, features ice-cool to the touch . . .

"The Frehley's Comet demo, of course . . .!!"

Expression duly melted, I struggled back onto my feet and nervously inserted the tape. It was a big moment. After all, if Ace had suddenly decided to lay bare the delights of Tibetan Thrash Metal, opting for the finger-cymbal rather than the rocket-firing guitar, I'd effectively been wasting a lot of time and effort. The thought did briefly cross my mind, but really I should have known better. Yes, the material was up to par (in particular, 'Breakout' and 'Animal'). And, yes, it was clearly Ace Frehley. The old card was alive, well and kicking (ass). On this occasion, mine. I was back on the case . . .

My next spurt into the wind, however, revealed that Ace had gone through yet more changes on the management front. Now, I was told, I should speak to his lawyer, again based in New York. Well, I'd spoken to everyone else . . .

Actually, this particular legal eagle was helpful in the extreme; we exchanged pleasantries, inquired after each other's health, and then . . . "listen, I'm sure Ace would love to speak to you himself, why not give him a ring at his house in Connecticut; here's the number . . ."

Nothing surely could stop me now. I was home and dry. Another *Kerrang!* exclusive. Weeeeeellllllll . . . the first few times I called there was nobody at home, and then . . .

Hello, is Ace there at the moment, please?

"No, he's out right now, but this is his wife, Jeanette, can I help?"

I was close. Very close. Ace, it seems, had gone into town to review the singles for a US music mag but would be back soon. Head swimming with success, I left my name, phone number and inside leg measurement and took up an all-night vigil, hand poised above the receiver. Two weeks later, still without a tinkle, I put it away . . .

As with all things of this nature, the final breakthrough occured quite unexpectedly. I was in Los Angeles, pacing an hotel room with a few minutes to kill before leaving for a show, and decided to place a call to a friend in New York. Nothing too exciting there you might think, yet in the course of that call – paid for by *Capitol Records*, God bless 'em! – I learnt not only the name of Ace's new manager (of course there was a new manager, pay attention at the back!) but also those of the musicians in Frehley's Comet.

Right, let's see, that's John Reagan on bass (ex-Peter Frampton Band), Arthur Stead on keyboards (ex-PIL, Peter Frampton Band), Anton Fig on drums (ex-Spider, US version, and highly respected sessioneer) and Richie Scarlet on lead guitar/lead vocals, both of these roles shared of course with the mainman himself. And the manager's name? Well, that's George Sewitt, the man who finally got my interview together.

I thank you.

TO BACKTRACK for a moment, my own personal theory on the 'now you see him, now you don't' scenario is that Ace was, to all intents and purposes, out of Kiss by the time the band embarked on the European promo tour mentioned earlier. Sure, he went through the motions alright, attending a record signing session at the Virgin Megastore in London's Oxford Street and joining Simmons, Stanley and Eric Carr for some TV work on the continent, but his heart just didn't seem in it. Perhaps he was still feeling the effects of the car crash – he emerged with a broken nose and a fractured ankle – indeed, he almost certainly was, though perhaps that wasn't the *only* reason for his lack of commitment . . .

Kiss, after all, had reached something of a delicate stage in their career. Having seen the '(Music from) the Elder' album sink slowly in the West, they knew they had to re-establish their hard rock credibility and no messin'. 'Killers' showed they were heading in the right direction and 'Creatures . . .' hammered the point home in style, yet losing an ever-popular original member at this time might have overshadowed the release of the LP and dampened its impact. It might have made the Kiss kraft appear more than a touch unstable. Hence, the Frehley face peers out from the cover of both 'Killers' and 'Creatures . . .', helping to sustain an 'all's well' atmosphere and keeping rumour away from the door – for a little while longer at least.

Of course, all this is just speculation – not idle, but speculation nonetheless – so the Ace Frehley interview seemed an ideal opportunity to set the record straight. I knew all the questions that needed to be asked, I'd been rehearsing them for months, yet when I finally got the chance to put them to The Man his response was vague indeed. Maybe if we'd met over a whiskey sour or two in some suitably secluded Manhattan bar a good deal more information might have been forthcoming, but *via* a trans-Atlantic phone link of variable quality (Ace at his manager's New York apartment, me working the late shift back in London) vagueness was the order of the day, with Frehley more inclined to talk about the present than retrace the past . . .

"Things are a little hazy around the time of my life you mention," came the reply. "That was when I had the accident so, y'see, my memories of that period are pretty bad."

I did manage to discover, however, that Ace wasn't actually driving the car when the crash took place. That dubious honour is held by Anton Fig, who successfully hit a wall and then a tree in what sounds like a genuine pinball pile-up.

"Luckily, we had our seat-belts on," says Ace. "Thank God I'm here and I'm alive!"

YEAH, I'LL second that, cos however dimly lit the past may be the future is surrounded by a warm, inviting glow. A deal with *Bronze Records* is now very, very close, which means that Ace and his associated Comet will probably record their album in the UK, more than likely with producer Mark Dearnley (recently involved with AC/DC and Heavy Pettin). The band have about three albums' worth of material to pick from, including a Vinnie Vincent number 'Back On The Streets' and some eight Gene Simmons compositions, and the finished product will, I'm assured, be on the more mature side of Ace's first solo LP (1978), with the latter handling more than half the lead vocals and Richie Scarlet taking care of the rest. And, of course, "there'll be a lot of heavy guitar work so I think my fans will be pleased!"

Certainly, those fans seemed happy enough with the seven sold-out shows that Frehley and Co recently played around the US East Coast (see review, issue 91). With the exception of a showcase gig at SIR rehearsal studios NY to get the Comet off the ground, these were Ace's first live appearances in some four years; the last time he'd been onstage was in front of 40,000 screaming Kiss fans in

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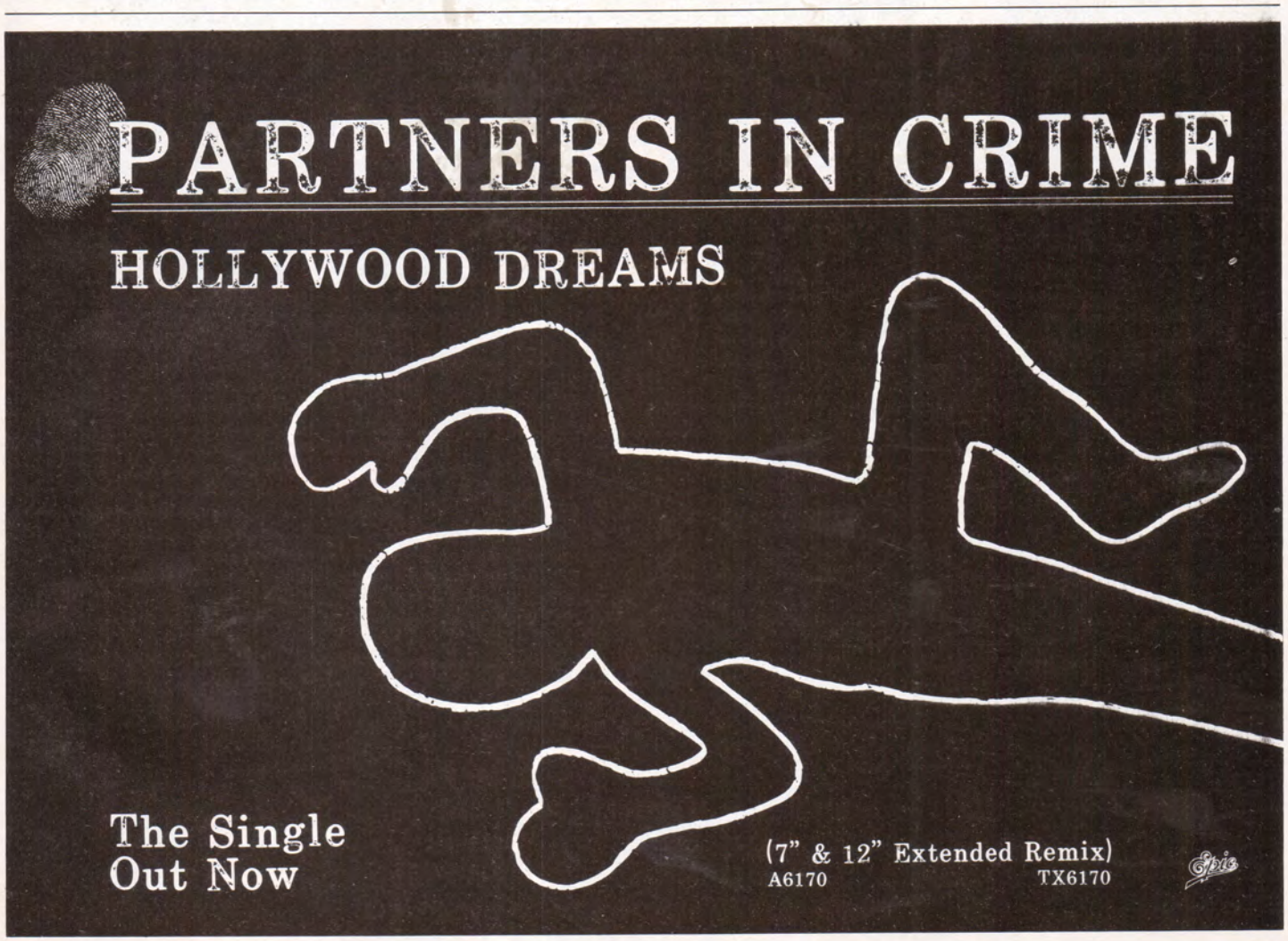
Pic Ross Halfin

ACE: "Thank God I'm here and I'm alive!"



RUNNING WITH THE PACK

ALASKA'S BOB HAWTHORN (right) finds cold comfort from DEREK OLIVER

AH, WHAT price the burden of guilt? Whilst I'm in many ways a firm (and medium!) supporter of Alaska's kid-gloved intricacies and polished AOR perfectionism, I think it might be fair to say that, from a casual observer's point of view, Bernie Marsden's dream (if one may be allowed such imaginative description) has fallen short of most folks' expectations, mine included.

Sure, Marsden is a nifty, often frightening, guitar wizard and a tasteful melodic songwriter to boot, but something, somewhere has yet to click with the Alaskan method of refined reservation.

Not that I'm deliberately setting out to be negative (wot me, guv?) or cruel, yet to be brutally honest at the moment the signs of life aren't exactly beaming with the pyromanic intensity one would normally expect from youngsters (cough) such as Alaska. Bearing in mind Bernie Marsden's previous accomplishments with Babe Ruth (gone but not forgotten) and most notably Whitesnake, you'd have thought that Alaska, by now, would've accomplished more. Indeed, when Marsden, bless him, chose to quit Dot's cavorting macho men, he left behind the legacy of the 'Ready An' Willing' LP, an album which 'Snake have yet to equal, let alone exceed. When you're as gifted as Bernie it can often work against you, much like a ball and chain, rather than *for* you. The weight of expectation must be considerable.

Scanning Alaska's two LPs, last year's 'Heart Of The Storm' and their latest, 'The Pack', it's becoming clear that the band are caught between two stools, namely vocalist Bob Hawthorn's lust for diamond-studded Americanisms and Bernie's more basic bluesy yearnings. The ghost of Whitesnake still lingers and, in my opinion, is beginning to form a sizeable obstacle on Alaska's rocky road to spectacular success.

Live wise we're also talkin' gross amounts of confusion; Hawthorn looks exceptional, indeed *sounds* exceptional, yet the rest of the pack appear ridiculously bland in comparison. It's a situation that merely highlights Alaska's confused status; potential headliners yet club-bound and tragically immobile.

It might appear that I'm being a trifle extreme and a little harsh on Alaska. Not so, I'm merely echoing, perhaps amplifying, the current general feeling towards the band culled from a host of sources, ranging from industry toss-bags to genuine brass-in-pocket public punters. It's a feeling that leader Bob Hawthorn (apparently the band have just realised his true position?!) is prepared to challenge with white knuckled conviction.

"NO, NO really, I think that Alaska could manage to release a big selling album," he says emphatically. "I believe in Alaska and if we can get off the ground with this LP then I think we can seriously crack it."

The LP he's referring to is, of course, 'The Pack' which I've already passed judement on (issue 92) as a fairly bland mish-mash of ideas and styles, some excellent, some terrible and some which defy a niche of plain description. Mind you, it has, at last, cast the spotlight firmly on one component, namely Bob Hawthorn and his incredibly underrated vocal ability. Now whilst I've ranted 'n' raved in the past over the merits of little known vocalists (recently Michael Bolton, Ron Keel and Fergie Frederickson), bouncing Bob literally stomps all over the competition with the kind of steel toe-capped authority only martyred Millwall fans could dream about.

Hawthorn is *the* business and, in a rare fit of emotion, after I've flooded the poor chap in a sea of acclaim befitting the madcap pleasantries of an award-winning Oscar ceremony, he begins to drop the Alaskan protection barrier . . . ever so slightly.

". . . That's very kind of you," relates Bob modestly. "I think I've got a bit of individuality in my voice and thankfully the vocals I've recorded so far haven't sounded like anyone else."

A keen observation from a man who's been fighting his way through the rock 'n' roll obstacle course for more years that I can possibly imagine.

"Actually I've been writing a lot of my own stuff recently, a bit like Bryan Adams' hard mainstream rock. I am happy with Alaska, they're all great musicians, but I must admit I've always wanted to go out on my own, maybe do a solo LP.

"The thing with Alaska," he goes on, "is that I think an image is very important, but Bernie has never really been into it, he's always been a jeans and T-shirt man. If I dress up *too* outageously on stage, it shows them up! Mind you, Bernie's pushed me to be the frontman for the band and he seems happy to let me get on with it."

AS A SCHOOLBOY football fanatic who was once offered a professional deal with Barton faves QPR, Bob hung up his muddy boots and instead opted for that other great working class route to fame (and maybe fortune), rock 'n' roll. After progressing through an assortment of acts including Strider, the Business and more recently Last Flight, Bob began to get a little more attention when Kyoji Yamamoto, Bow Wow's phenomenal guitarist, asked him to add vocals to his solo album 'Electric Cinema'. At that time he was also working with Scott Gorham, supplying vocals as part of a band that also included Duran Duran's John Taylor. Unfortuately the results were abondoned, and Gorham moved to LA where he's now almost ready to emerge with a new project.

"I seem to float around the fringes but never quite manage to get sucked in," continues Hawthorn. "I've been working towards a solo thing for quite a time and, although I believe in Alaska, it doesn't stop me from writing other material or getting involved in other things. Bernie's even said that he'd like to be involved with it my solo stuff, playing, writing, anything to help me."

Although Bob appears on the surface to be at ease with Alaska's current state of activity, I wouldn't mind hedging bets that if 'The Pack' stiffs, then Hawthorn could emerge from the ruins with the brightest future. But what about this aural identity crisis with the Alaskan sound?

"Yeah, we do still have that problem with the direction," continues Bob, "although I think 'The Pack' has much more depth than 'Heart Of The Storm'; it's a lot more punchy. Bernie has been trying to move away from the Whitesnake thing, but that's not entirely his creation. The band just seems to hit that groove every now and again. It's made even more peculiar because everyone has a wide range of writing styles, although we do steer as a unit towards the American FM sound."

THE REST of the Alaska line-up, apart from Marsden and Hawthorn, is completed by bassist Brian Badhams, John Marter on drums (ex-Mr Big) and guest keyboard man Don Airey (recently with Ozzy) who took over following the sneaky AWOL goings-on of Richard Bailey (now firmly ensconsed in Whitesnake).

Alaska's immediate plans are rather sketchy. The album is out on the *Music For Nations* label in the UK but so far plans to tour are restricted to France (where they were exceptionally well received on their last visit) and Germany. *Bronze* records have picked up the album for Stateside release on May 6 and it's there where the band plan to stage a committed assault at a time yet to be specified.

Whatever the case, I think I'll be watching Alaska with a fair deal of guarded optimism. How about you?

"The thing with Alaska is that I think an image is very important, but Bernie Marsden has never really been into it, he's always been a jeans and T-shirt man . . ."

Pic Ray Palmer

Pic Ray Palmer

DOUBLE TROUBLE

The alliance of BERNIE TORMÉ (left) and PHIL LEWIS (far left) is a marriage made in heaven, reports DEREK 'Rockin' Vicar' OLIVER

DUNNO HOW it 'appened, really . . . there I was, propping up Mr X, that Man Of Bourbon, swigging lightly, when a guitar-handed Bernie Tormé suddenly appeared and levelled me to the floor.

Here, on the *Marquee*'s woodworm infested stage, was a man who I had virtually written off as an over-exposed character skilled in the use of guitar technology but totally lacking the all-important touch of gold 'n' glory.

But how wrong I was! Tormé is back and biting, and for this he must thank a mean psychotic commando named Phil Lewis, the former Girl and New Torpedoes vocalist. By dumping the Torpedoes for Tormé, Lewis has concocted something twice as earth-shattering and twice as compatible. This union is made in heaven and, witnessing the smiles beaming from both band and audience that night, I wasn't the only one thinking along these lines.

"I think it's a lot better than it's ever been," observes Bernie as he reclines into a chair. "In fact, it's even better than the Electric Gypies. I mean, we actually look like a *band* these days. The feeling is just incredibly positive, not just from inside the band, but from everyone who's seen us!"

"That's exactly how I feel about it," confirms Phil Lewis. "It's very commercial, something we aren't afraid to admit, and it's built on the attitude of the band . . . you know, sort of angry but serious. If you want a comparison, then I think we're working along the same lines as Rogue Male and maybe the Ramones. Great bands, and they've both got incredible *ambience*, which is something I feel we have, although we're that tiny bit more musical."

The way things are progressing for Tormé, now that Lewis has rekindled that valuable spark of hunger, it won't be long before the word gets out to the office-bound A&R men that this 'ere molten Metal machine is both saleable (image-wise especially) *and* artistically valid.

Since the original Tormé band (the Electric Gypsies, featuring bassist Everton Williams and drum man Frank Noon) ground to a chaotic ending due to the inevitable 'musical differences', Bernie wallowed around the clubs and pubs, playing with a variety of side men, recently stabilising the line-up with bassist Chris Heilmann and drummer Ian Whitewood.

Bernie: "The Electric Gypsies split was a bit unpleasant, but I still wanted to carry on as a three piece. That wasn't really working out, so I got a vocalist (the infamous Kef) who caused some difficulties and left. It really is so hard to find a compatible vocalist."

Phil: "The Torpedoes weren't really working out the way I had expected; there were too many business problems and, to be quite honest, I wasn't getting on very well with them. Anyway, I got a call from Bernie to help him out and it worked so well that after a period of time I decided to join up with him. I'm not very good about consequences, I tend to do things first then worry about it afterwards."

Both Bernie and Phil are being incredibly pleasant to me. Amazing really, as in the past rock journalists have dragged their names through some of the roughest reviews ever printed. Geoff Barton's hard-hitting *Sounds* review of Girl's second album 'Wasted Youth' virtually destroyed the band's career! Does anguish from the press affect them?

Bernie: "I just want to kill them! The problem is, they're just faceless characters who don't understand how hard it is to be a musician under some of the conditions we get faced with."

Phil: "Well, both of us seem to be quite popular at the moment, but we haven't always been. Press people are important, but not as important as they like to think. But, faced with a slagging, I'm like most people in life – I tend to shrug it off and concentrate on positive things."

At present the band are working on the first results of the Lewis/Tormé writing partnership in a London studio in the hope that the results will cause enough interest to land them a sizeable record deal. The direction of this new material (already premiered live), according to Lewis, is more in line with the recent surge of American Hardcore music, which puts the emphasis on energy rather than musical dexterity. However, with Bernie Tormé providing the sonic assassination, you can bet your life that the Metallic edge will be well upfront!

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NEIL MURRAY

IT'S UNLIKELY that we'll see **Neil Murray** stepping in to occupy the currently vacant drum stool in the **Whitesnake** camp . . . but if his drumming is anywhere near as good as his bass playing, Mr **Coverdale** would be hard pushed to find a better candidate.

It's true! Until he was 18 Neil was a drummer (having also learned piano and trombone), finally switching to bass when he 'found' an old guitar at school and used the parts on a home-made bass.

With early influences like **Jack Bruce** and **Tim Bogert**, bass was the obvious instrument to demand priority attention. And listening to the fruits of his endeavours, with **Colosseum II**, **National Health**, **Gary Moore** and **Whitesnake**, it's clear that he made the right decision.

His current equipment for live performances includes a **B.C. Rich 'Mockingbird'**, **Washburn 'Force 8'** and **Aria Custom** basses whacked through an **Ibanez Harmoniser**, three **Marshall** 300 watt amps, two 8×10 and four 2×15 Marshall cabinets. Loud! For the studio it's a B.C. Rich, **Aria Custom** fretless and a **Strata** – which are now called **Status** – of which a **Series II**, as pictured on this page, is being considered for purchase. "This instrument is the best," Murray reckons, "of the 'hi-fi' basses" (**Steinberger, Alembic, Jay Dee, Vigier,** *etc*).

Among other musicians that Neil admires **Jeff Beck** – many a muso's choice – reigns supreme, with the likes of **Allan Holdsworth**, **Gary Moore**, **Weather Report**, **Joni Mitchell** and **Glenn Hughes** among a supporting cast of thousands; none of whom, as far as I can gather, are Heavy Rock trombonists!

PAUL HENDERSON

Pic Ray Palmer

Instrument review by PAUL HENDERSON

STATUS BASS – SERIES II
RRP £1,249

UP TO now the most expensive bass I've reviewed on these pages has been the Wal Custom – a few bob under £700 – and I thought that was a really superb instrument in every respect. So I know what you're thinking: "What makes *this* bass worth 1,200 quid?" Or possibly: "What makes *any* bass worth 1,200 quid?" Good questions.

The idea of the Status bass (originally called Strata) was a welcome one; a 'conventional' body shape, but with the more desirable features of the 'hi-tech' brigade: a carbon graphite moulding for the neck/central body section (decapitated, of course), an 'in-line' tuning system and sophisticated circuitry. A sort of 'Steinberger with wings'.

On my sample the facing wood was a beautiful dark Indian Rosewood; the back a much lighter Eucalyptus and with a thin strip of American Ash sandwiched between. The finish? Immaculate. Every time you look at it you seem to hear a soft, ethereal voice saying "polish me". Take a look at the photo opposite. Do you hear it?

The neck/body section, being moulded from carbon-graphite, is extremely rigid. Unaffected by climatic conditions – temperature, humidity – it's claimed to be virtually indestructible. The slim neck is topped with a similarly tough phenolic fingerboard on which the fretting is so good that I doubt whether it's even *possible* to improve upon. There was, however, a small amount of fret buzz when played hard which could be due to the neck possibly being too flat.

Of course one of the main features is the tuning system, on which it's possible to use either double ball or standard strings. With the double ball type, stringing is simplicity itself: one end is clipped into the holder at the top of the neck, the other slipped into the string tuner. A few turns on the tuning knob and the string is in tune in seconds. Ordinary strings simply have the free end clamped into the top nut with a grub screw instead of slotting in, and the rest is just the same. Either way it's a piece of piss.

The bridge – machined from solid brass like the rest of the hardware – is a no-nonsense affair. Individual saddle blocks adjustable for height with two recessed screws, and for intonation by sliding into the required position. The assembly is then tightened in place with two clamping screws.

Status basses are fitted with two of their GMT 'Hyper-Active' pickups which are processed by volume, balance, treble and bass pots, the last three having a 'click' centre position. The balance control is a much more desirable alternative to a pickup selector swich; able to provide any mix of the two pickups instead of an 'either or both' facility. In addition there's a switch to select passive or active modes, the latter indicated by an l.e.d. In fact it's only in the active mode that the treble and bass controls come into play. All the pots work firmly, smoothly and quietly, effecting a noticeable change at all points of rotation. The active/passive switch, though, did give quite a loud 'click'.

The sounds available from the Status are, as you might expect, impressive. The lows are deep, thick and punchy. Lots of clarity and no wooliness. At the other extreme you've got a razor sharp, brilliant top end. Throughout the wide range the sounds are rich and explosive. And the best sustain I've heard on *any* bass keeps the notes singing long into the night.

You know, it's much more difficult to explain a good sound in terms of what it *has* got than to explain a bad sound in terms of what it *hasn't* got. Much the same way as it's easier to explain why a plank of wood isn't a tree than why a tree isn't a plank of wood (*Eh?—Ed.*)

As far as playing goes it's certainly the most comfortable bass I've ever strapped on. It's deceptively lightweight, balances perfectly and fits snugly to the body.

Aaaanyway, overall the Status is without question one of the finest basses to be had. Whether it's *the* finest depends to some degree on individual taste. Personally I would have preferred the treble and bass pots to be positioned the other way round to correspond with what are commonly called the 'bass position' and 'treble position' of the pickups. I'd also prefer the jack socket to be mounted on the edge and marker dots on the fingerboard. I'm an awkward bugger.

The Status Series II is available with an alternative (parametric) circuitry; fretted or fretless; body pieces of various exotic woods and comes with a heavy duty case.

So is it worth £1,249? The truth is, I dunno. The point is that you can't buy much better. So if this is what you want, this is the price you pay. Simple as that.

Now then, back to this tree and plank business. . .

(Enquiries: Green Machine Technology – 01 985 7373).

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

HEAVY DUTY (1)

CONGRATULATIONS, *KERRANG!* for finally acknowledging that there *is* life outside of Prince and Duran Duran by featuring the likes of Metal Church, Slayer, Grave Digger *et al*. But what a lunatic way of going about it! Instead of lumping them all in the same issue (thus alienating some members of your readership) the aforementioned bands and their ilk (Killer, Warlock, Megadeth, etc.) should be part of the regular diet of *Kerrang!*, happily nestling alongside Uriah Heep, Marillion, Bryan Adams, Tobruk and other bands on the HR scene.

That way we get a balanced magazine that makes everyone happy, stopping the situation where Prince can command a large multi-page colour spread. I mean, whether the man is good or not is neither here nor there. I quite enjoy listening to the Carpenters occasionally but that's no reason to feature them in *Kerrang!* Get my drift?

And while I've a pen in my hand, here's a quick message for Derek "Oh, Tobruk have got a record deal, I suppose I'd better like 'em now" Oliver. Get your facts right! Had you, like the sensible people on the South Coast, read '*Forearm Smash*' fanzine then you'd know that Tobruk were actually formed from Stranger and Force, that their first single was 'Girl With The Flyaway Hair' and that Godie Fincher didn't join until the band had moved up to Birmingham. Huh! That's what you get for jumping on the bandwagon, plonker. **K. James, Chichester, W. Sussex.**

HEAVY DUTY (2)

I WOULD just like to say how disappointing issue no. 91 was. I thought *Kerrang!* was a magazine that covered *all* aspects of rock music, from Duran Duran to Thrash Metal. But in no. 91 you turned round and spewed out the biggest heap of Black/Thrash Metal crap that you could find. The whole issue was full of stupid pricks in studs and chains pulling silly faces at the photographer. There wasn't one feature on a band who play anything less than 'Total Death' Metal (expect for the Uriah Heep concert review).

Having said that, I appreciate that a lot of *Kerrang*'s readers are into Thrash Metal etc. and therefore there must be features on these bands, but surely *Kerrang!* can find a balance between pop/rock, hard rock and Thrash to suit everyone's tastes.

On the whole, though, I think *Kerrang!* has improved dramatically since its days of being a pure Heavy Metal magazine. My personal tastes range from Black Sabbath to Dio to Jethro Tull to the Damned and U2, and I have found that *Kerrang!* offers quality coverage of this spectrum of music.

So let's not see any more nasty little abortions like no. 91. **Mike, Surrey.**

HEAVY DUTY (3)

LOOK PEOPLE, I can take my music heavy, OK? I mean, Keel, Warrior, Kiss features – great! I even bought Metallica's 'Ride The Lightning' album. But Slayer? SLAYER?! Bloody tough name, isn't it? Original, aren't they? "We're the heaviest band in America". Shucks guys, well done, I am very impressed (slight note of sarcasm here). Singing about the Devil is the IN THING after all, isn't it? It's FASHIONABLE (oh, dear, sorry, that's a naughty word isn't it, bit like 'melody', eh?)

And didn't Mr King look so MACHO! My God (excuse the pun), he is just so incredibly hunky!!! Wouldn't it be a shame if he tripped and fell on top of his forearm?

Kerry King – you are a prick. You repulse me, you stand for everything about rock music that I am ashamed of and embarrassed about. I despise and look down my nose at you and your ilk; it is because of you and your 'fans' that my favourite form of music is reviled, and I cannot think of enough words to express my hate for you and all you epitomise. *(So you're not a Slayer fan then, I take it? – Ed.)* **Justin Clouder, Ely.**

BIBLE BASHERS

MY FIRST love in life is the Good Lord Jesus Christ, my second is rock music, hence my acquaintance with your publication, so please do not dismiss my comments out of hand without giving me a fair hearing.

My attention was recently drawn to a band called 'Hell' by an article in the local press. Apparently, a number of letters had been sent to the paper (the '*Nottingham Evening Post*') complaining about the band's offensive stageshow.

Not being easily influenced by what I read in the press – no offence – I decided to see for myself if the band are truly blasphemous or merely playing up to an image to gain some publicity by the way of cheap infamy. And yes, the show did seem to be blasphemous, with Satanic lyrics accompanied by bowing to the Devil in adulation. There was also a mock sermon with the 'vocalist' dressed as a vicar, and I was particularly disturbed when an imitation Bible was made to explode.

The final act of the show featured the singer (with the Bible) 'exposing' himself using an extremely realistic phallus, which he proceeded to wrench off. Then he produced a 'marital aid' from his trousers and performed a number of obscenities with it before forcing the filthy thing on to an embarrassed girl in the front row.

Even after this, I was prepared to discuss the show with the band and point out the evils and the irresponsibility of their actions. But when I got backstage I was stopped by two big blokes who refused to let me through. I was forcibly ejected and threatened by them.

Of course, I have prayed for those concerned (and will continue to do so), but my duty is to talk to those in this band. Perhaps if they realise your influence (if you print this letter for me) they will allow me to talk to them. I must warn them of the harm they risk to their souls and those of the innocent young folks who are following them. **KJ Thomas, Kirby In Ashfield, Notts.**

ACTON PUBLIC Library: Paul Suter goes 'walkabout'

SHARP-DRESSED MAN

TO THE faceless journalist behind* View From The Bar, *enough is enough! Having picked up the latest issue of your magazine I have noticed yet another barbed comment about the citizens of Acton and their style of dress; just because one of your writers, Paul Suter, lives in Acton and happens to dress in flared trousers does not mean that everyone else in Acton does!

***Your accumulation of comments has finally made me put pen to paper – especially as it gives those bastards in Ealing more to laugh at!* An Acton headbanger who isn't a wizard of any sort.**

RATT ON!

DEAR SIRS: I am writing to let you know of a very heartwarming story that occured recently, concerning a young man in hospital and the top band Ratt.

I received a phone call from a friend of mine with a special request; it was to do with his girlfriend's cousin, who has Cystic Fibrosis. He is 17-years-old and doctors have been very worried about his condition recently, especially as his sister, who also had Cystic Fibrosis, died at the age of 16 from congestive heart failure. He was admitted to hospital last Christmas and has been there ever since; his main disappointment was missing his favourite band Ratt at their New Year's concert at Long Beach. His cousin thought it would really lift his spirits if he could speak to them in some way. My friend knew that Bobby Blotzer (Ratt drummer) and I are friends and so wondered if I could help in any way.

I called Bobby's house and was told that he was still on tour in Japan but that they would try and pass on the request. Within 24 hours I got a call back saying that Bobby and the boys would be only too happy to call him in hospital from Japan.

Three days later he received his phone call, but no-one had told him about it so as not to ruin the surprise. You can imagine his astonishment and, of course, disbelief. He thought it was someone playing a joke on him, and it was only after Bobby finally convinced him by saying "Let's face it, who else would spend $6 a minute calling from Japan?!!" that he realised he was indeed speaking to Ratt and was really knocked out.

I would just like to say a big THANKS, boys; thanks for taking the time and caring enough to make someone feel good, especially from thousands of miles away in Japan. **John Shearer, Sherman Oaks, California.**

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KERRANG! KO

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RIGHT, GET out yer diary and place a great big red ring around June 10. For that's the date when *Kerrang!* issues its first ever commercially available Video & Album Kompilations, distributed through *EMI*.

To be released under the title '*Kerrang!* Kompilation', the album will be a double housed in a full colour gatefold sleeve and the video cassette will feature hi-fi stereo sound. There will also be a cassette version of the album and all three (boasting artwork supplied by Iron Maiden artist Derek Riggs) should be obtainable from the usual retail outlets.

Artists and titles may vary slightly between album and video but those names set to appear on both include Iron Maiden, Helix, W.A.S.P., Queensrÿche, Wendy O. Williams, Mama's Boys, Motörhead, Robin George, Warrior, Gary Moore, Marillion, Madam X, Alcatrazz and the Scorpions.

We've got 50 copies of the video and 50 copies of the album available for an exclusive competition, set to run over the next TWO issues with a total of SIX questions in all. You'll find the first three questions below; the final three will follow in our next edition, together with the address to which to send your answers. All six questions will be repeated in issue 95.

(1) Who produced the track 'Aces High' and from which album does it come?
(2) Which famous bassist produced Wendy O. Williams' LP 'W.O.W.'?
(3) Who is the lead vocalist with Alcatrazz?

Get pondering, partners, and we'll see you next issue for the final three questions to this monstrously magnificent kompetition!

ALBUM COVER ARTWORK by DEREK RIGGS

OMPILATION

LATION ALBUM AND VIDEO

SHE'S THE BOSS!

MALCOLM DOME falls for FIONA, 'arguably the best raunch 'n' roll female vocalist to emerge this decade'

RIGHT, LET'S forget the facts and concentrate on reality. . .

Patti Conte, director of publicity for *Atlantic Records* in New York, is one of the most enthusiastic, astute and creative PRs in the music business. I've learnt from experience that she only backs guaranteed winners. A platinum album from Twisted Sister (signifying one million units sold in the US) and a double platinum award from Ratt hang proudly on her wall, indicating just how much of a role she played in both bands' rise to prominence during '84.

Thus, when Patti suggested that it would be rather in my best interests (not to mention *Atlantic*'s) for me to meet up with someone called "Fee-oh-naa", I paid due, if confused, attention. Translating Patti's heavy Bronx-cum-Rome accent into something resembling Kenton-ese, I got the impression there was a person (obviously female?) by the name of Fiona whom she was very keen for me to interview.

At this point in time (early March) I had no idea who Fiona was. For all I knew, she might have been the cleaning woman on the second floor of the Warner Communications building at Rockefeller Plaza in Manhattan. Or perhaps she could be the serving wench in that building's basement. . .

Pic Andre Unangst

FIONA: "I am not a tool of the producer. . . I was very upset by that comment, it's completely untrue"

SLAP! NO, it's not the sound of boney hand against cheeky flesh, but rather the moment when plastic hit turntable and the dulcet tones of 'Hang Your Heart On Me' wafted across the (now sadly defunct) *Kerrang!* office in Covent Garden. 'Twas the opening cut from an album titled 'Fiona'. . . ah, now *that's* who she is, a Yank vocalist, and one with an exceptionally fine set of pipes. Moreover, one with the distinct backing of *el* Barton.

Despite Paul Suter's rather grudging praise for this LP (issue 90), I was hooked on the chords. The lass sounded like arguably the best raunch 'n' roll female vocalist to emerge this decade and whilst I will always respect the opinion of Suet-star (sic) on matters female (he is, after all, to rock 'n' roll women what the Coyote is to the Roadrunner in the classic cartoon series), I felt he'd sold Fiona rather short.

Playing the prime cassette of the record to *Bronze* managing director Peter Winkelplonker on the aircraft to New York, I think even his most hardened of business arteries were weakened by a few well-aimed wind rushes from the whirling *Walkman*. And if Pete is impressed. . .

Monday in New York City. I've been up an' at 'em for several hours, even indulging in a spot of overly priced breakfast at the Mayflower Hotel (an establishment succintly summed up by the Voleman Dickson in his Bon Jovi feature last issue). Patti, though, has invited me to the *Atlantic* offices for a luncheon appointment with the mysterious "Fee-oh-naa". So, at a leisurely pace, I amble up to her overflowing room.

As I reach Patti's office door, a decidedly beautiful young lass steps out of the shadows.

"Hi, Fee-oh-naa, you're a little early," Patti calls out in her sing-a-song-of-sixpence voice.

I stare at the brown-haired lovely. So, *this* is Fiona. Unwittingly, I undergo a Doom-esque transformation. I sprout sure-rooted fangs, fungus sprouts across my sweaty palms and my back arches in traditional lycanthropic manner.

I am in love (yet again).

THIS 23-YEAR-OLD New Jersey-born *femme fatale* is truly wonderful. She looks like a cross between Natalie Wood (possessing the same natural explosive eroticism) and Sissy Spacek (the same gutsy country girl innocence) and has a personality (not to mention a voice) that at once bubbles with naive volcanic enthusiasm yet also retains an air of mature awareness. This is a special female.

Lunch beckons. Thus, Fiona, myself and *Atlantic Records* publicist Horace (a fellow of Ethiopian descent) repair to a swank dining hall on the sunny side of Manhattan. It's the sort of place that expects gold bar tipping duty from customers. But *Atlantic* are paying so I relax and enjoy myself.

Fiona is a little on edge. All of this publicity machine wheelin' an' dealin' is new to her and she's yet to learn how best to turn her charms into a genuinely bankable asset, which is why she's so special.

Slowly, as the wine flows, the luscious lass opens up and entwines me in her life story.

"My parents are Irish and I guess I should have been born in Dublin rather than New Jersey. I never used to listen to the radio when I was young because, well, my mum and dad didn't approve. However, one day I heard an Aerosmith song. . . and I was hooked.

"My brother, sister and I used to play records on our stereo, but because my father strongly disapproved of rock 'n' roll we'd have to do it secretly, with one of us keeping look-out for him coming home from work. As soon as he appeared, we'd shove the records under the carpet!"

EVENTUALLY, FIONA's love of all things rock 'n' roll came out into the open. Exactly what her parents' reaction to their daughter's confession was remains unrecorded, but they did allow her to play on the New York bar circuit ("I think they were under the mistaken impression that NY bars were similar to pubs in Ireland"). Thus, at the tender age of 16, the lass went out and worked her cotton socks off in front of a variety of strange audiences.

"I used to carry my own equipment around (no smutty jokes, please Mick). But because I was a girl and the rest of the musicians were fellas, they weren't too keen for me to hang around them; it would spoil their chances of pulling the chicks, y'see."

Eventually, Fiona recorded a set of demos that landed her a deal with *Atlantic* via A&R man Jason Flomm. But things were far from smooth at first.

"I began recording with a certain producer, whom I don't wish to name, and he was totally wrong for me. In fact, I was so disillusioned with the way he worked that I decided to give up the business and got on a plane to London. But I got on the wrong flight and ended up in Frankfurt, met Whitesnake and

saw them onstage and had my enthusiasm recharged."

Returning to the States, Fiona met up with producer Peppi Marchello (introduced to *Atlantic* by none other than Jay Jay French of Twisted Sister) and began work in earnest (no connection with Oscar Wilde) on what has become the 'Fiona' album.

"Peppi was really good to work with because he understood how to bring the best out of my vocals. But let me say this: I am not a tool of the producer, as Paul Suter suggested in his review. I was very upset by that comment, it's completely untrue. In fact. . . I've got a good mind to ring this person and give him a piece of my mind!"

The LP is now out in the States, and at the time of scribbling has shot into the charts with all the gusto of a bull headbutting a matador. And, as lunch unfurls, Fiona becomes more and more chatty, even admitting that it was Linda 'Cool Ass' Ronstadt (in her rockier incarnation) who got her into singing (she trained for eight years on the clarinet "which has come in very useful for breath control") and that Aretha Franklin is another fave rave. No bad models, *n'est-ce pas?*

She's also made peace with her parents and has frequently travelled for holidays to her grandmother's home in Ireland. In fact, there's a significant part of this girl that would very much like to settle down and lead a semi-normal life. But her heart skips to the rock 'n' roll beat. Watching her gyrate around the table convinces me that she'll be hotter than a Newcastle/Indian curry onstage, an opinion confirmed by Derek 'Larry The Lamb' Oliver who had the distinct pleasure of seeing her in rehearsal action a couple of weeks later. Del's verdict?

"She's amazing and much heavier than on record."

TIME TICKS away. I have arranged to meet my pet gerbil Peter Cronin at *La Guardia* Airport. As Dickhead has pointed out before, Cronin isn't built for the strain of rock 'n' roll. He's due to land from Montreal at 14.15. I'm supposed to leave the restaurant at 13.45 to have any chance of connecting with 'The Crone'. But at 14.00 I'm still besotted at the bleedin' dining emporium. Fiona looks across with those big brown eyes and says:

"Aren't you supposed to meet your friend?"

I turn up my nose.

"Let the bastard find his own way, he'll be alright."

Eventually, at 14.30 (after one last glass of *Tequila*) we wend our weary way back to the *Atlantic* empire, arm-in-arm (eat ya heart out, Halfin). Fiona disappears to find a copy of the video she's made for 'Talk To Me' (her current US single and due for UK release on May 10). It's not particularly good, but I sit on the couch and dutifully view the 'meisterwerk'.

"You should have been singing to a showroom dummy," I proclaim, "the song calls out for a touch of genius in the video. Do yourself a favour and let Xavier Russell and myself direct the next one. Oh, and get 'Krusher' in to design your next album sleeve."

Fiona looks at me rather blankly; the *Tequila* is taking root.

"Y'know they hired a chap to kiss me in the video. They actually paid him!"

"Why didn't they call me? I'd have done that job for nothing," I scream.

At this point, Fiona departs with a hug and a kiss. She's got a singing lesson but agrees to join the Mexican 'nosebag' crew (*cf* Dickson's Bon Jovi feature last issue) later that same evening. However, at 19.15 she calls to say that she'll have to blow it out.

"I'm feeling rather ill. It must have been all that lunchtime *Tequila*. In fact, I'm embarrassed to tell you this but. . . my singing teacher sent me home because I wasn't in a fit state for the lesson! But I'll meet you tomorrow for lunch if you like."

In a moment of *AmEx* aberration, I agree to buy Fiona lunch.

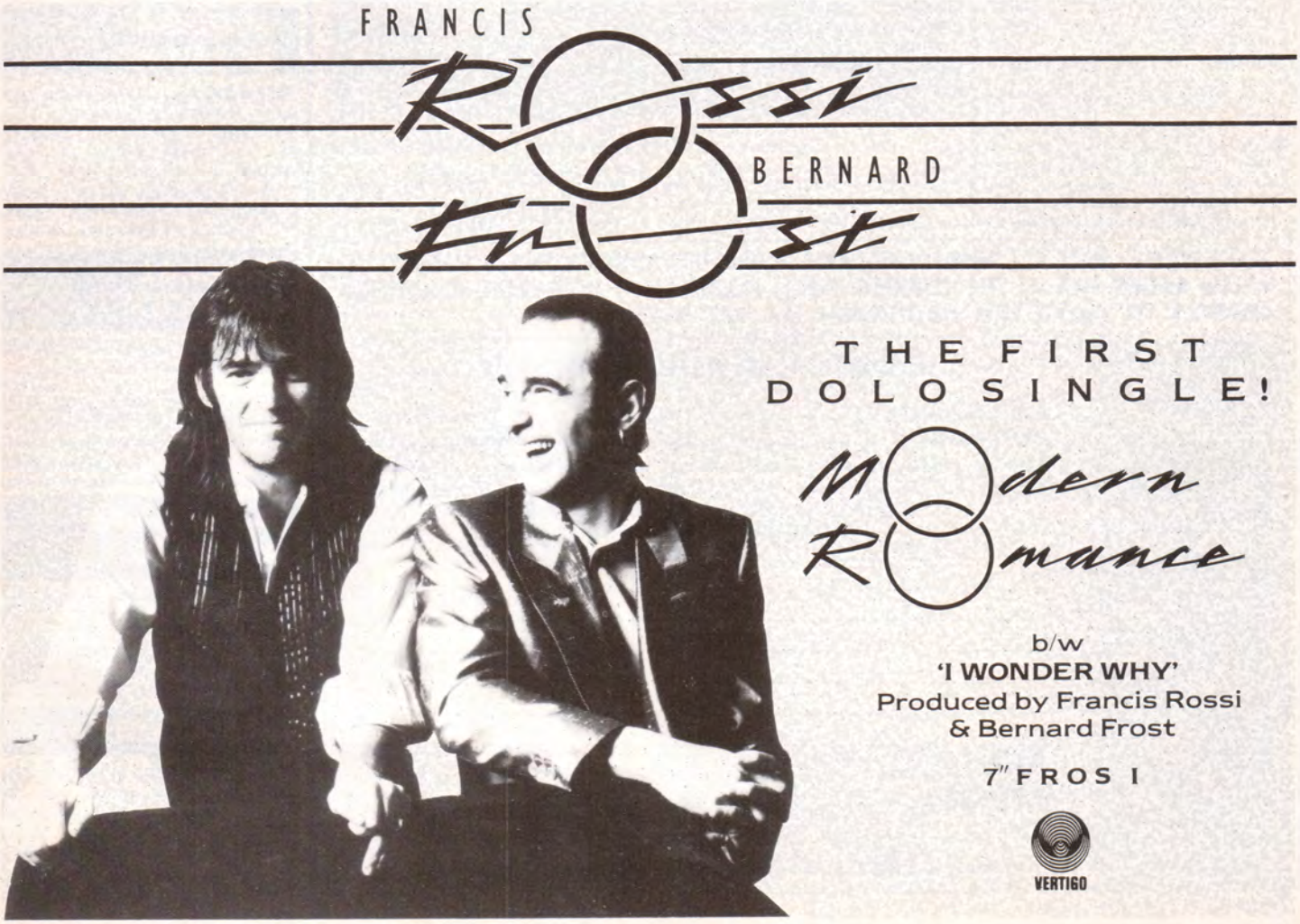
(Cut to the next day.)

Dave Dickson has already perfectly summed up events at the Assembly Rooms, so there's not much to add, except that feeding Rave (as Fiona insists on calling the Vole), her eminence and myself comes to over 90 dollars (the hat's being passed now). Furthermore, both Fiona and I have to put up with Rave's long-winded explanation on how Kenneth Anger declared magical war on Jimmy Page. Neither of us particularly care, but then Dickson likes nothing better than a captive audience. Stick to the Rice Krispies, OK Rave?

The meal satisfactorily concluded (having failed to convince the restaurant management to accept Dickson as part payment for the bill), we make our farewells back on Rockefeller Plaza.

Dickson prepares to meet Bon Jovi (so *that's* why he came all this way!), I gird my loins to pick up the frail Cronin (who has been indulging all morning in a spot of personal biological dambustin') and head for adventures on the West Coast, whilst Fiona has yet more meetings. That's the trouble with being a rising star, everybody wants a slice of your valuable time.

We part with a lingering kiss; I haven't washed since.



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BRYAN ADAMS
Hammersmith Odeon, London

MY GOOD friend Mr Neil Murray chanced to remind me at the after-gig bash – at the ill-chosen Brookes restaurant in Shepherd's Bush – that I had managed to slag Bryan Adams on his last (and indeed *first*) London headline appearance at the *Dominion* in 1983. So I checked; Mr Murray's memory doesn't fail him, although to say I *slagged* the man is perhaps stretching a term somewhat.

What I *did* say back then was that Bryan Adams was destined to become a very rich man – for which I will now award myself the kudos for astute observation – but my main complaint lay in the difference in expectations between the British audience and their American counterparts at whom the Adams show was clearly directed. That expectation/presentation balance hasn't altered much in the intervening 18 months, with the result that the same slight feeling of unease still lingers . . .

The problem, in a nut-shell, is this: the Americans seem to like everything smooth and precise, slick and clean – in a word, *contrived*. On the other hand, I prefer things with the appearance (if not the actuality) of being spontaneous. However, spurred on by the fact that Mr Adams has now made London his 'second home', the capacity *Odeon* crowd made no bones about their appreciation of the visit and drew the band back for two encores (four songs).

But as we are still in a section of quibbles, let me first mention that the sound was pretty duff – too quiet and much of the top end was lost throughout – and no match for Geoff Harrald's lighting rig which was uniformly excellent, and, second, that there is a tendency for Adams' material to sound a little samey over a 90-minute period. With Tina Turner he was reduced to a 55-minute set and therefore all we got was the cream; here we were given the full pint and a shade more variety wouldn't have gone amiss.

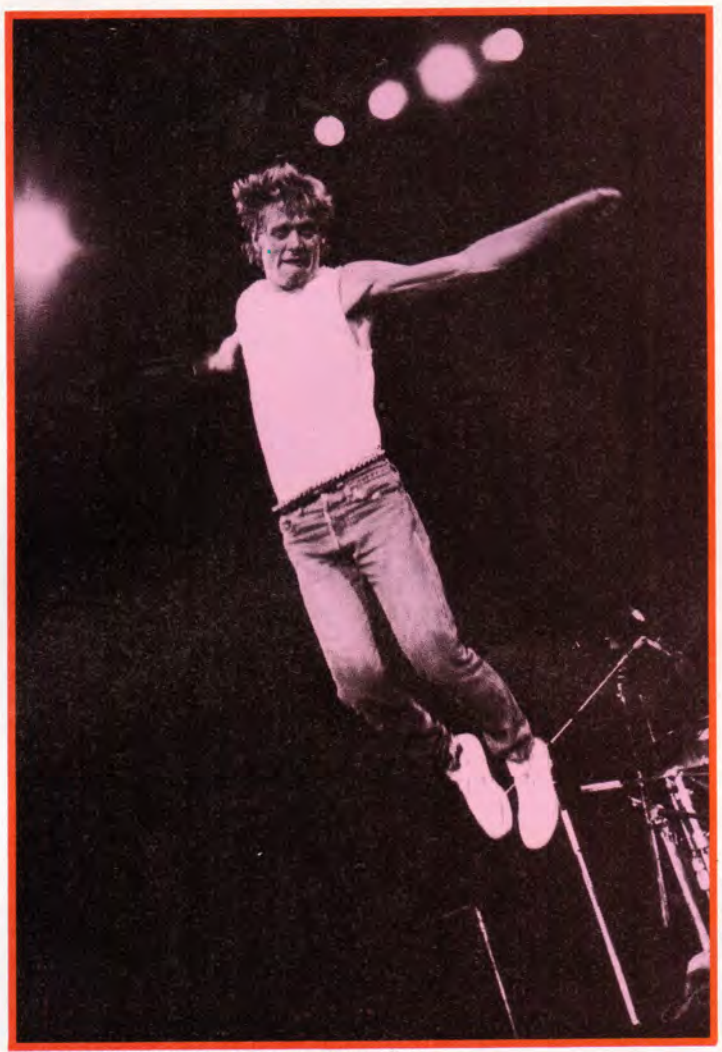
However, let's not get carried away with the admittedly few negative aspects of this performance. Bryan Adams has finally cracked it over here and this was pretty much a celebration of the fact; you can't argue with three sold-out nights at the *Odeon* and 3,500 cheering fans who know the words to the new songs at least, and when you consider that he performs no less than nine (out of ten) tracks from the 'Reckless' album then that's an awful lot of singing to be done crowd-wise.

As for the band, well, a tighter unit you couldn't wish to come across, with guitarist Keith Scott willing and able to step briefly into the limelight to unleash a burst of frenzied guitar runs before taking a step back once again. Their vocal harmonies, too, are superb.

And Bryan Adams? Well the dimunitive rock 'n' roller knows just what the kids want – and the Kids Wanna Rock! He is an engaging front man, very un-American in his complete lack of pretensions – this is just a rock 'n' roll show Straight From The Heart. He's got some great songs, a great band, a great voice and a great personality to top it all off.

Oh, and *A&M*, send me a copy of the f**kin' album, can't you?!

DAVE DICKSON



BRYAN ADAMS: the joint was jumpin'!

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RAVEN/KEEL
Lyric Theatre, San Diego

"MY NAME is Ron Keel. . . and I'm gonna kick your ass!"

After a rather false start with Steeler (not to mention the Black Sabbath debacle), Ron Keel is on his way to the top flight.

Let me tell you somethin', butter buster; I might not agree with *Kerrang's* own Larry The Lamb, 'Del Boy' Oliver, on everything in the musical potting shed, but he's picked a winner with Keel. Onstage, this quintet provided some of the sharpest, most fearsome and impressively co-ordinated destruction this side of the Thatcher Government's economics policy. There was an edge to this performance that truly did take one's breath away in gallon containers.

So, you want the facts? Consider an auditorium about the size of the first ten rows at the Hammersmith Odeon. Add in a crowd of 800 true HM longhorns out for a night of savage heroics and then stir the concoction into hoof-pounding hysteria through loud music played with synchronised, animal mania, and what have you got?. . . Energised EUPHORIA!

Keel don't so much *play* anthemic, American stadia music as *live out* each note with a twist of the knife and a turn of the screw. This lot were hot. Whether offering up 'The Right To Rock', 'Easier Said Than Done', 'You're The Victim (I'm The Crime)', old Steeler faves 'Cold Day In Hell' and 'When Hell Freezes Over' or the plaintively balladic 'Princess Of Illusion', they ransacked like serious looters.

Guitarists Bryan Jay and Marc 'Twilight Zone' Ferrari bellowed like rampant bullocks in a field of prize cows; drummer Dwain Miller and bassist Kenny Chaisson rammed their rods right down the centre aisle and mainman Ronnie Keel proved himself a frontman in the glorious Steven Tyler/Stephen Pearcy tradition – he's got more flash than a dirty mac bridgade convention, the mob control of an uncorked Scargill and the rasping vocal quality of a true rock 'n' roller dosed-up on a bottle of *'Jack'*.

Pity poor Raven, then, having to follow such galloping entertainment, though in actual fact I was rather looking forward to this show. I've always had a soft spot for the Geordie trio and reports emanating recently from the States have suggested that, at last, the band have begun to crack big. Certainly the quality of their first *Atlantic* album, 'Stay Hard', indicated that major status was beckoning.

Ah, but the truth is rather more sombre. Indeed, the boyos are having distinct trouble attracting Yank punters in vast numbers. This gig was originally planned for a venue twice as large and their date in Los Angeles was moved at the last minute from the 5,000-capacity opulence of the Palladium to the rather smaller Country Club. Hard times, indeed.

But what of the fellas? Well, they've now got a managment company who've spent a fortune providing them with an impressive light show (part of which was purchased from the remnants of Judas Priest's 'Screaming For Vengeance' tour) and kitted them out in what can only be described as a cross between American football outfits and 'Mad Max'/'Road Warrior' costumes. However, despite all this grandeur and the fine, harsh pounding of the music, Raven were a disappointment.

They still have the mentality of a British pub band, y'see, and quite truthfully left me rather indifferent. And the antics of drummer Bob 'Wacko' Hunter, much touted as leaning into the realms of straitjacketed dementia, came across as nothing more dangerous than a wearisome, brattish six-year-old trashing his cymbals and generally making a very predictable nuisance of himself. Thunderstick, during his halcyon Samson days, did this sort of thing with a genuine edge of frightening derangement. . .

To be fair, Raven *did* work hard and almost managed to set the venue aflame. And they *did* receive an ecstatic response from those punters who bothered to turn up. Maybe I should check 'em out again before passing final, cremating judgement. However, based on the night in question, I have to say that the band were well and truly Keel-hauled!

MALCOLM DOME

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

ROGUE MALE
Marquee, London

ROGUE MALE? Never heard of 'em, mate! What are they, a punk band or sumink? Well, sorta. Let's just say that da Rogues are kinda Punkish/Crüeish/Deathish all rolled into one. So, as you can see, we're talkin' somethin' serious here; like, er, bones into dust!

The reason you probably haven't heard about Rogue Male up until now is because they're very similar to a Cruise Missile. In other words, they've been kept very much under wraps by their record companies, *Music For Nations* (UK) and *Elektra* (USA). The trouble is, the Rogues could explode any time now, they're *that* energetic, honest guv, and when they do go off bang make sure that your gaff has been fitted with a fallout shelter cos what we have here is the best live band I've seen since Metallica!

To be honest, since this was very much a 'come down and check out the band' night, I was only prepared to give 'em two numbers before heading straight back to the bar. But no, shock horror, me 'plates of meat' would not budge; these boyzz can play!

They kicked off in grand style with 'First Visit', the title cut from their debut album, and straight away it reminded me of an in-tune Motörhead; why, this song has more pace than John Chiedozie tearing down the wing! I found it very hard to believe that this was the Rogues' first gig in six months; naturally, there was the odd error but that didn't stop 'em pounding out some of the best hard-edged Heavy Metal I've heard in yonks. Next up was the amusing 'On The Line' and, would you Adam and Eve it, the song was a very clever re-working of that old Eddie And The Hot Rods toon 'Life On The Line'.

Rogue Male have a real character in frontman/rivvum guitarist Jim Lyttle, not to be confused with that buffoon who hangs around Eddie Large. No, Master Lyttle is far more entertaining as he showed on the extremely rude 'n' crude 'All Over You'; the riff that Johnny Fraser Binnie churns out on this one has to be heard to be believed!

Through this delightful wall of noise I could hear someone shoutin' in my ear; it was Jody Turner from Rock Goddess. She said: "This one sounds like Mötley Crüe, donnit?" She was right, it did have that 'Looks That Kill', feel to it. But it's the lyrics that make this song so special, and I quote: *'I don't know what to say/When you make me feel this way/I don't know what to do/I'm going to shoot my load* (pause) *all over you'*. I wonder why this one was dedicated to *Sounds* skribe Mary Anne Hobbs? If this kut doesn't become an anthem of our times, I'll sell my entire collection of 'Derek & Klive' albums!

My complaints are few; I suppose the drummer coulda been a bit more adventurous around his kit, but I'm sure he'll continue to improve with each gig. If you like the idea of Metallica/Mötley Crüe/Motörhead all rolled into one, then do yerself a favour and nip down to yer local record store and pick up the album.

XAVIER RUSSELL

SHY
Royal Standard, Walthamstow, London

SHY (and they certainly aren't) have sighted their goal, planned their route, packed their provisions and, with the release of their forthcoming debut LP to light the path, will release their potential to the maximum. On that fact, dear reader, I stake my reputation!

So you want evidence? A little proof? Well, for starters, let's examine the totality of their sound. It's huge, very dense, highly polished and cunningly clever enough to retain that spark of Metal which, if they should lose it, will shoot them into that has-been bucket currently occupied by non-starters Terraplane. They're brutal when they rock hard, gentle when they tease you with painful tear-jerkers and ever so crisp 'n' clear as they fuse Cheap Trick melody with Night Ranger pyromania. This is the sound which should place them into our stale charts (both LP and 45) and then, at a later date, into the rock encyclopaedias as perhaps the greatest exponents of pop-inspired Metal thus far discovered.

Vocalist Tony Mills, possessor of a voice which reaches the upper echelons of our known stratosphere, has finally conquered his overtly heavy-handed stage manner. He came under criticism at one time for a, er, rather arrogant attitude; his between-song patter used to be more like military instruction! But now, I'm glad to report, he's altogether more confident, honest, effective and sympathetic.

Scattered around him, grinning crazily, is the wrecking machine – the musical components that whip up a swirling backdrop over which Mills leads the way. Steve 'Arry' Harris on guitar is a true genius, a man blessed with infinite ability as he cranks the most astonishing combination of noises from his tortured soul. Bassist Tony Roy Davis looks good, looks mean and honks that fat neck with the kind of determination I've only ever seen splattered across the face of Rudy Sarzo.

Adding tempered yet effective touches of atmosphere as the others nail themselves rigid to the beat is keyboard king Paddy McKenna – the smallest but probably the most effective component – whilst up back sits drum destructor Alan Kelly who throttles with energy, tactful reservation and, surprisingly, text book efficiency.

The material on show was culled from the new LP and the *Ebony* legacy 'Once Bitten Twice. . .'. 'Reflections', a dramatic moody ballad first recorded on that debut, remains one of their strongest pieces, allowing every member of the band to push themselves to the max, as they also did on the mega majesty of 'Brave The Storm', which suffered somewhat from Mills' disintegrating voice, 'Wild Wild Woman', 'All The Way' and the current chart contending single 'Hold On To Your Love'.

Shy are poised to explode, of that I'm sure. And don't say I didn't warn you. DEREK OLIVER

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FROM PAGE 27

Sydney, Australia, and while not quite the same number turned out to investigate his new project, those that made the effort proved no less enthusiastic, one or two even arriving in full Kiss warpaint . . .

"The kids were just overwhelming, it was that old feeling again. They really made me glad to be back."

Though Frehley intends to continue with the special FX particularly associated with him (the smokin' guitar, for example) and even add a few new ones, neither he nor his band will be hitting the boards in make-up or bizarre stage clothes. Clearly, he's had his fill of all that . . .

"I'm basically gonna be what I am cos for a lot of years I was locked into a certain way of presenting myself. I've always been into a kinda spacey, futuristic look, so this band may reflect that, but there'll be no elaborate costumes. On the mini-tour, I started out wearing blue metallic pants but by the third show I was going onstage in jeans. I can't remember the last time I played a concert wearing jeans! I guess I'll just dress how I feel on the night . . ."

One thing he's unlikely to feel like wearing on *any* night, however, is platform boots. Those he's *delighted* to be rid of!

"Y'know, I never did get used to them," he admits. "Every fourth show I'd end up flat on my ass, though that might have been due to the champagne! (*He emits a monumental cackle.*) I'm definitely more mobile now."

OFFICIALLY, at least, Ace parted company with Kiss in July '83, wanting to concentrate on his own material. Too many of his songs were being rejected, songs he felt Kiss fans would have wanted to hear, and when he listened to the final mix of '. . . the Elder' it made him more certain than ever that he needed to be his own boss . . .

"I personally wasn't happy with that LP," he explains, "the drum sound, the producer (Bob Ezrin), a lot of things. At home, I have the original tracks that were cut and Ezrin left out half the guitar work in the mixing stage! I recorded the solos in my studio (The Ace In The Hole) and half of them never made it! Also, a lot of the powerchords on certain songs were omitted; they had a really thick sound, I spent hours and hours getting it right, and he didn't even have the courtesy to call me. I think he got so involved with the concept that he lost sight of the music and I haven't spoken to him since. That was just the icing on the cake for me . . ."

Once out on his own, Ace started working in his studio with a number of different producers; there was Eddie Kramer, who'd sat at the helm for his solo LP, Vini Poncia, who pointed him towards several good songs, and Chris Kimsey, mentioned earlier, who supervised the recording of some four or five demos.

He also began playing with a number of different musicians, though the drum stool was always the property of old friend and confidant Anton Fig. John Reagan joined up following a jam session, then Arthur Stead, who'd completed a Frampton album/tour with the bassist. Ace particularly wanted a keyboard player in the band to give a contemporary edge to the sound and now he had one, which just left another lead singer/guitarist to find. Richie Scarlet, a veteran of the bar circuit recommended to Frehley by an engineer friend, gave it a shot, his best . . .

"After five minutes jamming," recalls Ace, "we all looked at each other and said, 'This is the right guy!' When Richie and I start riffing we just go off into space somewhere."

That was last Spring. Since then the other galactic one and his management cavalcade have been attempting to negotiate a sensible record deal, hindered perhaps by the Frehley reputation which, I'm sure you don't need me to tell you, is all baaad. Really this is one tough kid, his face (likely to be unveiled on the inner sleeve of the forthcoming album) still scarred from a distant bottle fight. "I'm no f**kin' Tyrone Power, y'know," he laughs "just a rock 'n' roller!"

Indeed, if it wasn't for his involvement with music, the boy from the Bronx, part German, part Dutch, part American Indian, might not be with us today. Half of the old crowd he used to run with are now dead – one of his closest friends hung himself in jail – and had the lure of the powerchord not dragged him across the tracks very soon after his sixteenth birthday, he might just be there too . . .

"Actually, I may *still* go to jail – if I don't slow down when I'm driving, that is. It's a pretty good possibility!"

PROVIDING HIS hands aren't 'cuffed behind his back, Ace, the legendary carouser, may well be playing some UK shows in the near future. And if he does, you can bank on 'Shock Me' figuring proudly in the set. He didn't include it on the American dates, keeping the nostalgia quotient down to 'Rip It Out', 'Deuce' and 'Cold Gin' (the latter inspired by a comatose drunk on a nippy New York subway), yet it was the old 'Love Gun' number that everyone wanted to hear. And then, of course . . .

"Hey, what time is it in London?" he says all of a sudden.

Er, about twenty past eight in the evening (. . . clearly the man has important business to attend to and can't spare me any more time . . . oh, well . . .)

"GREAT!! If I was there now I'd just about be having myself a Carlsberg Special Brew! Pete Way introduced me to that stuff, y'know (what a surprise!), you can't get it in New York. I drank a couple of cans on an empty stomach and I was out on my ass!"

Now, what was I saying? Oh, who cares! Ace, old son, as soon as you get yourself over here, the first round's on me.

Cheers!

Pic Ross Halfin

ACE: he intends to continue with the smokin' guitar special FX, but there will be no elaborate stage costumes

LADY Killers

DOREEN CHANTER

DOREEN 'COR, NOT ARF' CHANTER'S career was altered dramatically and irrevocably that fateful night last Christmas when Mick 'The Kid' Wall took his notebook along to review a Meat Loaf show. Wall was awestruck, falling head over bottle of *JD* in love with the blonde bombshell. Since then Wall has been offering exorbitant amounts of money for the girl's phone number and she's been offering equally large sums to ensure that he *doesn't* get it (or even her phone number!).

Doreen has *chanteused* on innumerable tours, backing the most *prestigious* of rock luminaries. Most recently, of course, she was with Meat Loaf, and prior to that Roger Waters on his epic 'Pros And Cons Of Hitch Hiking' tour. Needless to say, Doreen didn't have too much trouble getting a lift.

In fact, the lift has now taken her across the water with Waters (again); she's currently strutting her stuff in America and won't be gracing our shores for some while. In the meantime, kids, content yourself with this *Lady Killing* shot and the fact that Ray Palmer DOES have her phone number (offers and used fivers to the *Kerrang!* office!)

DAVE DICKSON

Pic Ray Palmer

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MUSIC FOR NATIONS

LOCAL CHART

1 LICK AND A PROMISE **Aerosmith** (CBS)
2 SPLIT PART ONE **Groundhogs** (Liberty)
3 HEAVEN'S ON FIRE **Kiss** (Vertigo)
4 PURPLE HAZE **Mahogany Rush** (CBS)
5 ARIZONA **Scorpions** (Harvest)
6 SOMEBODY **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
7 RADIOACTIVE **The Firm** (Atlantic)
8 I NEED YOU TONIGHT **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
9 BLOWIN' FREE **Wishbone Ash** (MCA)
10 ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAY **Joe Walsh** (ABC)
11 SWEET TALK **Uriah Heep** (Bronze)
12 THE ROCKER **Thin Lizzy** (Decca)
13 HOT PERSUASION **Uriah Heep** (Bronze)
14 TURN ME LOOSE **Loverboy** (CBS)
15 SPEAK OF THE DEVIL **Stray Dog** (Manticore)
16 MUSCLE & BLOOD **Hughes/Thrall** (Epic)
17 WINGS OF WHITE **Starcastle** (Epic)
18 BY-TOR & THE SNOW DOG **Rush** (Mercury)
19 TREAT ME RIGHT **Riff Raff** (Atco)
20 PREDATOR **Ted Nugent** (Epic)
21 TRACK ONE SIDE TWO **Pink Fairies** (Polydor)
22 HYPNOTIC MOVER **Lone Star** (CBS)
23 IN MY TIME OF DYING **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
24 DIRTY WOMEN **Black Sabbath** (Vertigo)
25 RAINBOW IN THE DARK **Dio** (Vertigo)
26 LATIN LIGHTNIN' **Golden Earring** (Polydor)
27 OUT TO GET YOU **Grand Funk Railroad** (EMI)
28 YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING **Judas Priest** (CBS)
29 IS THAT YOU **Kiss** (Vertigo)
30 CARRY ON WAYWARD SON **Kansas** (Epic)

Compiled by Zoffo's Freak Out, *Selsey Cricket Club Show*

Anyone interested in having their radio playlist/local chart published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! radio playlist/local chart, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

MAX (MAX & THE BROADWAY METAL CHOIR)
'TRES HOMBRES' ZZ Top (Warner Brothers)
'EXTRACTS FROM THE RING' Banburg Symphony/ Württenberg State Orchestras (Allegro)
'WEST SIDE STORY' Original Broadway Cast (CBS)

THE PILEDRIVER (PILEDRIVER)
'BILLION DOLLAR BABIES' Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
'THUNDER IN THE EAST' Loudness (Music For Nations)
'TAKEN BY FORCE' Scorpions (RCA)

GLENN HUGHES
'EVERYBODY WANTS TO RULE THE WORLD' Tears For Fears (Phonogram 45)
'THIS IS NOT AMERICA' David Bowie & Pat Metheny (EMI America 45)
'WE CLOSE OUR EYES' Go West (Chrysalis 45)

JOHN COGHLAN (PARTNERS IN CRIME)
'BROWN SUGAR' Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records 45)
'STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN' Led Zeppelin (track from the 'IV' LP on Atlantic)
'I'M NOT IN LOVE' 10CC (Mercury 45)

IMPORTS

1 PROPHET **Prophet** (Total Experience)
2 VAN-ZANT **Johnny Van Zant** (Geffen)
3 TEEZE **Teeze** (SMC)
4 DOES ANYBODY HEAR? **Xeron** (Oronsay)
5 VICIOUS ATTACK **Abattoir** (Combat)
6 TURN ON THE FIRE **Sye** (Metal Blade)
7 DISTURBING THE PEACE **Alcatrazz** (Capitol)
8 EVERYBODY'S CRAZY **Michael Bolton** (Columbia)
9 GYPSY **Stevie** (CBS)
10 HELLOWEEN **Helloween** (Noise)

PANDORA PEROXIDE

SINGLES

1	13	ONE MORE NIGHT **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
2	2	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
3	4	CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
4	1	COVER ME **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
5	5	THAT WAS YESTERDAY **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
6	—	SO FAR AWAY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
7	3	SOMEBODY **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
8	10	DON'T COME AROUND HERE NO MORE **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
9	8	JUST LIKE AN ARROW **Magnum** (FM)
10	—	HEARTLINE **Robin George** (Bronze)
11	12	RUN TO YOU **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
12	6	MYZSTERIOUS MIZSTER JONES **Slade** (RCA)
13	—	HOLD ON (TO YOUR LOVE) **Shy** (RCA)
14	15	TURN UP THE RADIO **Autograph** (RCA)
15	11	FOREVER MAN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
16	7	PIECE OF THE ACTION **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
17	9	LEGS (METAL MIX) **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
18	16	I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
19	17	STILL LOVING YOU **Scorpions** (Harvest)
20	—	SUNSET GRILL **Don Henley** (Geffen)
21	29	CALL TO THE HEART **Giuffria** (MCA)
22	22	ONLY THE YOUNG **Journey** (Geffen)
23	14	FALLING **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
24	—	ALONG COMES A WOMAN **Chicago** (Full Moon)
25	20	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
26	24	YOU'RE THE INSPIRATION **Chicago** (Full Moon)
27	—	HIGH IN HIGHSCHOOL **Madam X** (Jet)
28	26	CREEPING DEATH **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
29	28	MANITOU **Venom** (Neat)
30	21	WHY CAN'T I HAVE YOU **The Cars** (Elektra)

ALBUMS

1	1	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
2	2	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
3	3	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
4	—	SOUTHERN ACCENTS **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
5	8	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
6	13	AGENT PROVOCATEUR **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
7	—	POSSESSED **Venom** (Neat)
8	7	POWER AND PASSION **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
9	4	BEHIND THE SUN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
10	6	BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST **Don Henley** (Geffen)
11	14	TROPICO **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
12	5	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
13	11	METAL HEART **Accept** (Portrait)
14	—	WILD ON THE RUN **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
15	10	ROGUES GALLERY **Slade** (RCA)
16	16	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
17	39	WE RESERVE THE RIGHT **Madam X** (Jet)
18	—	STAY HARD **Raven** (Atlantic)
19	—	BIRDY – MUSIC FROM THE FILM **Peter Gabriel** (Charisma)
20	12	WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JUGULA? **Roy Harper & Jimmy Page** (Second Sight)
21	—	DUNGEONS ARE CALLING **Savatage** (Music For Nations)
22	9	EQUATOR **Uriah Heep** (Portrait)
23	17	CENTERFIELD **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
24	—	FRIENDS AND RELATIONS VOLUME 3 **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
25	15	THE FIRM **The Firm** (Atlantic)
26	38	PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
27	19	DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
28	22	BEYOND APPEARANCES **Santana** (CBS)
29	—	ROCKSTORM **Splitcrow** (Guardian)
30	24	THING FISH **Frank Zappa** (EMI)
31	—	SPACE RITUAL **Hawkwind** (American Phonograph International)
32	—	BREAKING THE SPELL **Spellbound** (Sonet)
33	—	BRITISH STANDARD APPROVED **Demon** (Clay)
34	—	NIGHT AIR **The Lloyd Langton Group** (Flicknife)
35	—	LIVE FROM EARTH **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
36	20	TRASH QUEENS **Wrathchild** (Dojo)
37	29	VULTURE CULTURE **The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista)
38	21	STEEL THE LIGHT **Q-5** (Music For Nations)
39	—	WHEELS ARE TURNIN' **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
40	36	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
41	18	THE PACK **Alaska** (Music For Nations)
42	28	THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
43	30	GIUFFRIA **Giuffria** (MCA)
44	47	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
45	23	FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
46	—	THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT **Samson** (Metal Masters)
47	—	BONDED BY BLOOD **Exodus** (Music For Nations)
48	31	CRAZY FROM THE HEAT **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
49	—	BEHIND THE LINES **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
50	37	12 GOLD BARS VOLUME TWO **Status Quo** (Vertigo)

PLAYLIST

XAVIER RUSSELL
'WE LAUGH AT YOU' Lynn Allen (Loud Records import)
'VAN-ZANT' Johnny Van Zant (Geffen import)
'ALL OVER YOU' Rogue Male (track from the 'First Visit' LP on Music For Nations)

MALCOLM DOME
'RESCUE YOU' Fiona (track from the 'Fiona' LP on Atlantic import)
'THE RIGHT TO ROCK' Keel (Vertigo)
'ROCK AND ROLL GIRLS' John Fogerty (Warner Brothers 45)

GEOFF BARTON
'FREE AS THE WIND' Jim Dandy (demo)
'BODY SLAM' Jim Dandy (demo)
'BIG TITTIES' Jim Dandy (demo)

DANTE BONUTTO
'BIG TITTIES' Jim Dandy (demo)
'FOLLOW YOUR HEART' Triumph (track from the 'Thunder Seven' LP on MCA)
'HELL AWAITS' Slayer (track from the 'Hell Awaits' LP on Roadrunner)

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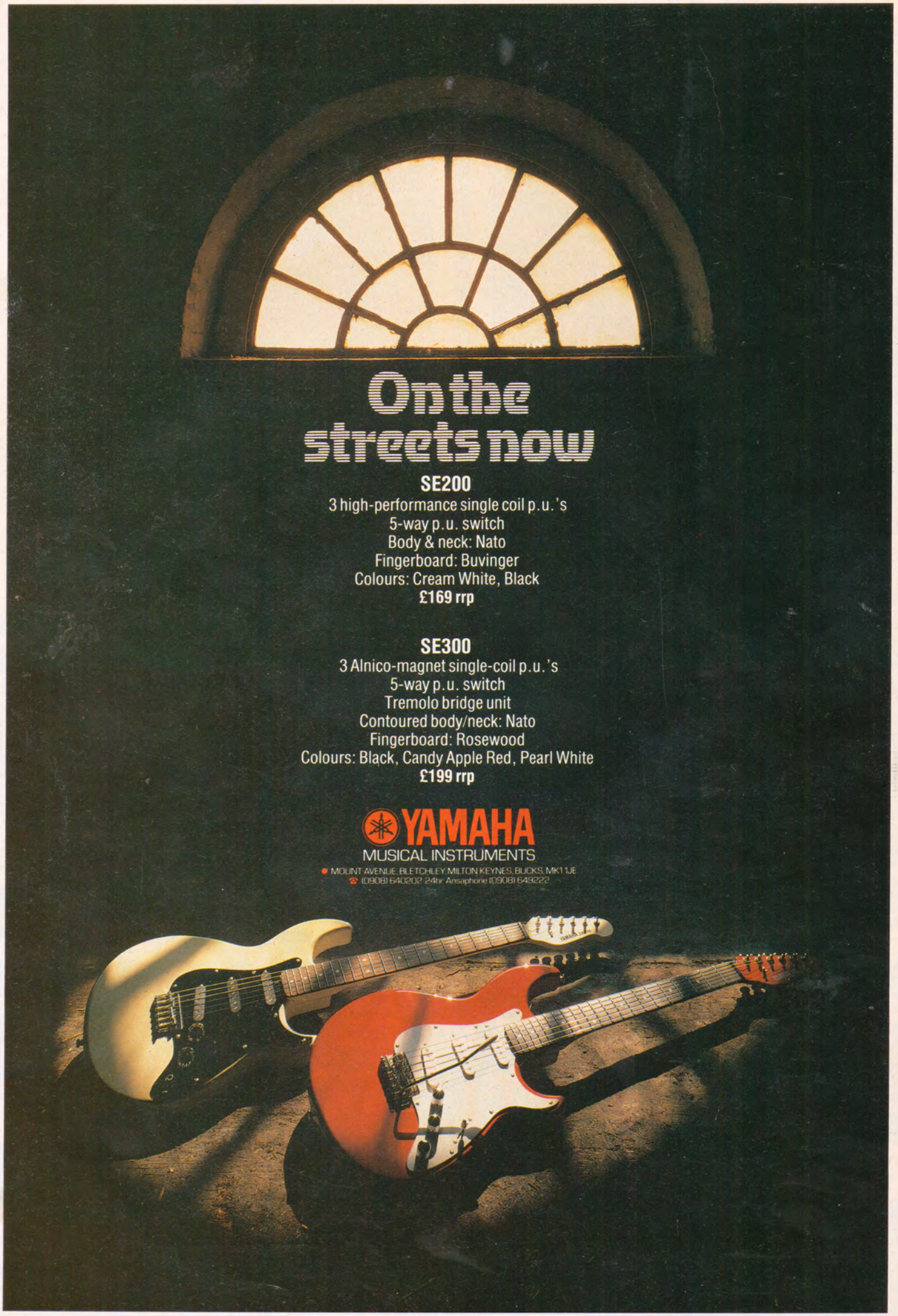
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